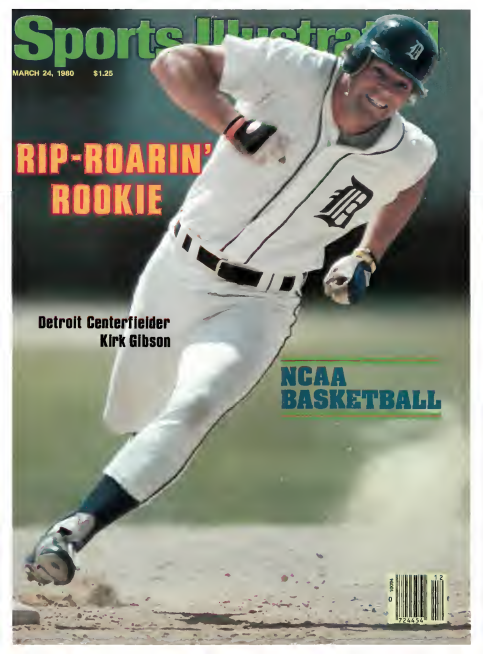


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MARCH 24, 1980

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER



ARISMAN AT WORK ON AN ALBUM COVER

The principal article in this issue is a somber consideration by Robert H. Boyle of the short, tormented life and untimely death of boxer Willie Classen (page 62). It was of course our intention in writing of Classen to identify the points of failure in a system that supposedly protects our boxers, and there is a terrible irony in having to record in the same issue the loss in a plane crash, in Warsaw (page 7), of so many of the young men who would have benefited by any reforms in the administration of the sport.

The paintings that accompany the Classen piece were assigned by Art Director Richard Gangel to Marshall Arisman, an artist and illustrator who has done work for *The New York Times*, *Playboy*, *The Nation*, *Harper's* and *Esquire*, but has not appeared in *Sports Illustrated* before. "I selected him," Gangel says, "because he has a very powerful, emotional visual point of view. He is somehow fascinated with depicting scenes that are not particularly pretty, that are charged with a sense of the macabre."

Arisman, a 41-year-old New Yorker, elucidates what sounds like a real downer of a preoccupation with such cheerful vigor that you feel that if his intention is therapeutic, it works.

"Basically, I suppose that what I'm dealing with is a combination of the violence man perpetrates upon the environment and that man perpetrates

upon man," Arisman says. "This began for me in the late '60s, when there was such a proffering of violence. There was just such a media barrage of violence, and I think a lot of us began to blank out on it. When I realized that I was getting numb to it, that is when I began to approach it consciously. My book *Frozen Images* came out in 1973. The theme was the violence to our environment and to ourselves.

"I work in a artistic style that is not considered realistic. The attempt is to catch the sense of the moment and interpret the mood of a tragedy. The Classen piece is a tragedy of a man caught in a variety of circumstances. A writer has many words to describe it, but my problem in making pictures is not simply duplicating the moment but trying to get the emotion and tone of what the article is speaking about. I felt the tragedy was much wider than the boxing ring, so, though I worked from photographs, I wasn't trying to do portraits, but to achieve the sense of what really happened. To this end, I distorted figures or made them up. There is inherent in their presences a certain sense of styling."

Arisman, who was born in Jamestown, N.Y., was never in any doubt about what his life's work would be. "It was just a question of how to get there," he says. He decided to go by way of Pratt Institute in Brooklyn, where he received his B.F.A. in 1960, and may be considered to have arrived, being now co-chairman of the Media Arts Department at The School of Visual Arts in New York City and having had his first show last year at that city's Sinden Gallery. He bears up under the continuing media barrage of violence with the support of his brushes, his wife and his cat.

Let's go, Arthur



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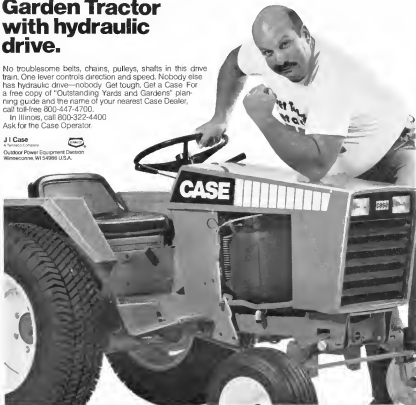
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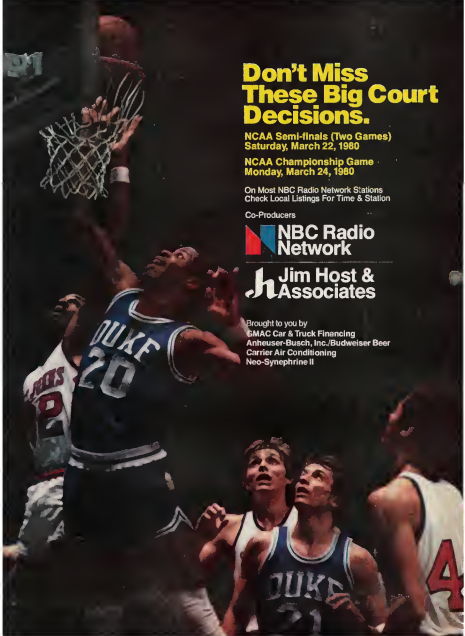
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Steve Martin: the wild and crazy 3.9

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SCORECARD

Edited by JERRY KIRSHENBAUM

SARGE AND HIS BOYS

Boxing is a sport of survival. Its practitioners learn to defend themselves with their fists, and many of them, realistically or not, count on their ring careers to lift them out of the barrios and the ghettos and lead them to a better life. The sense of hope that pervades the sport lends poignancy both to the death in the ring last November of Willie Classen (page 62) and to the plane crash in Poland last Friday morning that killed 87 people, including 22 members and officials of a U.S. amateur boxing team.

Capricious twists of fate put certain fighters on the doomed LOT jetliner—and left certain others off. The Americans were scheduled to fight in Katowice and Cracow and heavyweight Kelvin Anderson of Hartford was along only because he had failed to obtain a visa in time to make an alternate trip to East Germany. Flyweight George Pimentel made the trip after having lost a controversial decision in the semifinals of New York's Golden Gloves tournament; had he won, he would have stayed home to fight in the finals. On the other hand, Houston's Ronnie Shields passed up the trip because he had the flu, while heavyweight Marvin Fraizer skipped it because the bouts

in Poland didn't fit in with the career plans his dad, Joe, has carefully mapped out for him. Another heavyweight, Jimmy Clark, was delayed visiting relatives and missed the flight.

The 14 fighters who wound up aboard the jetliner when it departed JFK airport were neither the U.S. boxing team, as first reports had it, nor the collection of second-stringers that subsequent accounts made them out to be. Six of them were teen-agers and Bob Surkein, the AAU boxing chairman, said of them, "They were just babies. They got sweat suits with USA on them, and they wore them all over the country like the proud kids they were." But 23-year-old Lemuel Steeples, who won a gold medal at last summer's Pan American Games, was on the team, as were several others of proved or potential Olympic caliber.

The team's coach was Tom (Sarge) Johnson, a retired Army master sergeant who lived in Indianapolis. The 38-year-old Johnson was a good-natured man who made young boxers feel at ease in his company while still commanding their respect. "He liked to joke and laugh, but when he was serious, you'd better pay attention," Sonny Long, a flyweight who once trained under him, recalls. Johnson was an assistant coach of the

U.S. team at the 1976 Olympics that produced five gold medalists, one of whom, Sugar Ray Leonard, said last week, "Sarge was just beginning to get the recognition he deserved. He was really the one who put together those five gold medals."

Johnson wasn't lacking for recognition in Asia and Africa, where he conducted clinics for the State Department. In Mali last summer, he made a point of exhorting local boxers to represent their country with dignity and never to make excuses; at the end of his stay, officials there staged a boxing program in his honor. He visited the Seychelles on the same trip and that country's national coach later said, "Sarge had the boys eating out of his hands." A U.S. embassy official in the Seychelles stopped by the gym and marveled, "I was able to observe the effect this man has on the young men. They love him." Johnson also had a profound influence on boxers in Kenya, which is scheduled to send a team to the U.S. next month. Because of the plane crash in Poland, the Kenyans must now change part of their plans. Although their boxers are going to fight Americans during the trip, Kenyan officials had taken the extraordinary step of arranging to have Sarge Johnson in their corner.

THE 28-CREDIT DASH

USC's Billy Mullins is fast—he won the 1978 NCAA 400-meter championship in 45.33—but could he be this fast? The *Los Angeles Times* reported last week that Mullins had received 28 credits in the fall of 1977 from four Los Angeles area community colleges—Pasadena, Los Angeles, West Los Angeles and Rio Hondo. Some of the credits, which enabled him to transfer the following spring to Southern Cal with full track eligibility, were for classes close in time and distant in mileage. For instance, according to the *Times*, Mullins supposedly took Economics 1A at 8 a.m. at Rio Hondo, Chemistry 22 at 9 a.m. at Pasadena, 20 miles away, and Literature 1B at 10 a.m. back at Rio Hondo.

"I did a lot of driving," Mullins was

quoted as saying of his whirlwind schedule. But the *Times* didn't let it go at that. It said that Mullins lives with his parents and quoted his father as asking, "How could he attend four schools? I don't remember anything like that." And E. John Larsen, the USC faculty athletic representative, conceded that Mullins would have had trouble attending Economics 1A, Chemistry 22 and Lit 1B on the same day, even if he were wind assisted.

SOLIDARITY

What can a U.S. boycott of the Moscow Olympics possibly accomplish? Although President Carter sometimes seems to contradict himself about the objectives, a boycott would, if nothing else, constitute an unmistakable expression of solidarity with the oppressed people of Af-

ghanistan. Solidarity? Oppressed people? If this seems like a refrain out of the U.S.S.R.'s own songbook, you're right. Despite their insistence that the U.S. shouldn't be mixing politics and sport, Soviet officials have not exactly been bashful themselves about using boycotts as a political weapon.

Here are some of the events Soviet sportsmen have boycotted: dual track meets with the U.S. in 1966, 1967 and 1968, to protest American involvement in Vietnam; the 1967 World University Games in Tokyo, because of a dispute over the exact wording of North Korea's name; the qualifying round of the 1974 soccer World Cup, because it was to be held in Chile; the 1975 modern rhythmic gymnastics world championships, to protest host Spain's execution of Basque

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terrorists; the 22nd Chess Olympics in 1976, because it was held in Israel; and both the 1978 world shooting and 1979 women's world basketball championships, because in each instance South Korea was the host. The U.S.S.R. also has refused for political reasons to play Chile in the Davis Cup and has boycotted numerous sports events staged in West Berlin, including the European table tennis championships (1963), the women's team handball world championships (1965), the junior world championships in modern pentathlon (1973), the world speed-skating sprint championships (1976) and the world archery championships (1979).

Asked about any of this, Soviet officials lamely reply that, well, the Olympics are different. But it also happens that the U.S.S.R. stayed outside what its leaders called the "bourgeois Olympic movement" from 1917 until 1951—a boycott, if you will, of 34 years' duration. And in 1968 the Soviets threatened to boycott the Summer Games in Mexico City unless South Africa were excluded. The International Olympic Committee, which also loftily claims to keep sport strictly separate from politics, eventually complied.

If the U.S. and other countries stay away from Moscow this summer, neither the IOC nor the host country should have any trouble pinpointing the precedents.

ROCKY III

Harold Ware was born in Little Rock, moved as a child to Rockford (Ill.) and, after moving again, became a high school basketball star in Flint (Mich.). This season he averaged 19 points a game as a sophomore at Western New Mexico University, which is located in Silver City. Alas, Ware's school belongs only to the NAIA and thus didn't vie for a berth in the NCAA Division III tournament in Rock Island, Ill.

STRIKE SEVEN, YOU'RE OUT!

To demonstrate the potential devastation of the nation's current 18½-a-year inflation, David Wright of Burlington, Wis. has calculated what the effect of a similar rate would be on sports statistics. Wright finds that in five years, the 49 home runs that Dave Kingman hit to lead the major leagues last season would have risen to 112, a typical golf course would consist of 41 holes (with par at 165), a football team would need 23 yards for a

first down (but would have nine chances to make it), the NCAA basketball tournament would probably draw 11 teams from the Big Ten (or, rather, the Big 23), a perfect game in bowling would be 686 and racegoers on Memorial Day would thrill to the spectacle of the Indy 1,144. And, oh yes, test sports fans think they'd be getting more for their money because of this, the price of a ticket to a game that now costs \$8 would be \$18.30.

BUSIER WHISTLES

Following a rash of worrisome injuries to quarterbacks, the NFL changed its rules last year to give the men playing that vulnerable position the protection of a quick whistle while standing in the pocket. No more bulldozing the poor signal caller. No more wrestling him to the ground. The rule change worked so well that at last week's league meetings in Rancho Mirage, Calif., NFL rulemakers extended the quick whistle to the scramble zones, the areas to which the quarterback flees when his protection breaks down. You can still catch him, defensive linemen were told, but no more strangling, please.

But if quarterbacks will be even better protected, so will the defensive ends whose job it is to nail them. The NFL also warned that the use of the chop block, in which tight ends chop down on the knees of outside pass rushers, could henceforth be subject to an unsportsmanlike-conduct penalty. The rules committee made it clear that the main intent was to dissuade coaches from even teaching the chop-block technique. If everything works the way the NFL envisions, the move to protect the quarterback and his pursuers will make the game less injurious while preserving its essential toughness, a good trick indeed. Still unprotected, though, are middle guards, who are frequently injured by fold blocks, a brutal tactic in which offensive linemen give the guard a little daylight whereupon one defender folds back and cuts the guard down at the knees. Maybe next year.

The NFL also discussed the possibility of increasing the number of officials for playoff games from seven to nine. This would permit the luxury of posting two officials, instead of one, in each of the far corners of the end zone as a team moves into scoring range. One of the officials would determine whether a receiver's feet were out of bounds, the other would watch the hands and arms for pos-

session of the ball. But the almost inevitable result would be a stricter standard of officiating in the playoffs than in the regular season. There already were complaints last season that end-zone corner catches that raised no eyebrows all year were suddenly being ruled incomplete, a case in point being the nullification of the apparent touchdown by Houston's Mike Renfro in the Oilers' AFC championship loss to Pittsburgh. Adding two extra officials just for the playoffs would surely make matters worse by compounding the inconsistencies.

BUT THEY FORGOT THE TONIC

Last week's Associated Press report about Nick Akers, a British-born distance runner who lives in Edmonton, Alberta, proves to be only too accurate. In hopes of mustering the wherewithal to represent the Cayman Islands at the Moscow Olympics—he once briefly lived in the Caymans and, by virtue of that, was on the national team at the 1978 Commonwealth Games—Akers has accepted the financial sponsorship of the distillers of Britain's Vladimir vodka, in return for which he has legally changed his name to Nick Vladimir. The International Olympic Committee has so far been mum on this blatant bit of commercialization, but if Vladimir the man has any hope of promoting Vladimir the booze, he'd better improve on his generally dismal clockings. At the rate he's going, he'll never catch the likes of the 1976 Olympic gold medalist in the 1,500, New Zealand's John Walker. Or, if you prefer, Johnnie Walker.

THEY SAID IT

● Abe Lemons, University of Texas basketball coach, after punishing his players by telling them they couldn't return to their hotel in Abilene until 10 p.m.: "It was Sunday night and everything was shut down. I'd be doing them a favor by letting them come in early."

● Tom Bass, Tampa Bay Buccaneer defensive coordinator and author of two volumes of poetry: "If I had to work 20 hours a day and sleep on a cot in my office to be a good coach, I'd chalk it up. Some of my best defensive ideas come when I'm looking at sunsets."

● Rich Kelley, journeyman NBA center, who received a standing ovation from Phoenix fans following his trade to the Suns from the New Jersey Nets: "Give them time. They'll learn."

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FOR INDY

Favorites fell left and right in the NCAA regionals and up jumped the likes of Joe Barry Carroll (below) and Purdue, along with Iowa, Louisville and UCLA, for a finals fling

Carroll has touch, as he showed on this spin



CONTINUED

Well there they are, America. The 'ah, Final Four. The what? Yes, really. Purdue. UCLA. Iowa. Louisville. Aw, come on. Purdue-UCLA sounds like a Bluebonnet Bowl. Iowa-Louisville must be that new route on the Amtrak. Well, then, how about the Quizzical Quartet?

No matter what they are called, the four rather mysterious teams that will show up at Market Square Arena in Indianapolis this weekend for the NCAA finals surely had to be survivors; improbable yet undeniable survivors of the wildest, wackiest national tournament since Jimmy (Peaches) Naismith tacked up his basket.

Louisville's season-long consistency and the levitating presence of Darrell Griffith may have presaged the Cardinals' making it to the final four, but what about surprising Purdue—third place in the Big Ten Purdue—and its quiet warrior, Joe Barry Carroll? What of rejuvenated UCLA—fourth place in the Pac-10 UCLA—risen from the ruins? And how about brainy and bandaged Iowa—tied for fourth place in the, again, Big Ten Iowa—whose hang-in Hawkeyes had to go all the way to North Carolina's Tobacco Road to get to Philadelphia's Main Line to pass Go before making it back to their own league territory?

This year's teams bring to Indy a total of 29 defeats, no birds and not much Magic. But they have demonstrated enough will, courage, teamwork and endurance to have outlasted everybody else. Hey, that's what it's all about.

Address a question to the Purdue center and he'll duck it. Show a rim to the Purdue forwards and they'll miss it. Give the basketball to the Purdue guards and they'll throw it away. Ah, but locate the Midwest Regional of the NCAA tournament in Lexington, Ky. and The Rose—not Bette Midler but The Rose, Purdue's Lee Rose—will coach the daylight's out of everybody and end up winning the whole thing.

That is just about what happened—again—in that little patch of bluegrass by the backboards. In 1977 Rose brought his UNC-Charlotte team into Rupp Arena and upset Syracuse and No. 1-ranked Michigan on the way to the final four. Then last week Rose advanced to and from the same place after Purdue defeated one holy crusade (Indiana's), then another (Duke's) to climax a thoroughly

uneven and illogical series of events.

Home-standing Kentucky was the favorite in the Midwest, but what most people forgot was that the Wildcat players only live in Lexington. Lee Rose was born nearby; he was raised in town, and at heart he has never left.

Rose grew up in his mother's boarding house for UK students on Maxwell Street. He sat in the rafters watching games at the old Memorial Coliseum. He attended local Henry Clay High and Transylvania College. He coached at Transylvania and nearly became Adolph Rupp's head assistant and possible successor at Kentucky. He still seeks coaching advice from his 73-year-old mother, Elizabeth, who last week ordered the Boilermakers to have some fun and, oh yes, "get after 'em." Which they subsequently did in two defensive games, 76-69 over Indiana and 68-60 over Duke.

Much humor was made of the finalists' credentials, Purdue and Duke having finished third and in a tie for fifth in the Big Ten and ACC, respectively, with 17 defeats between them. Nothing the uptight, nervous teams did on Saturday could invigorate a terrible game. Whether it was the leadown from Thursday night's emotional victories—Duke upset Kentucky 55-54 on the strength of a near-perfect first half—or the pressure of living up to images, no one could tell.

Both turnover-plagued teams seemed to be trying to figure out which was more surprised to be there: while Duke bumbled and stumbled around, Purdue simply couldn't shoot. One astute observer said that if Purdue (which has a .478 field-goal percentage this season) were a firing squad, the condemned would suffer only shoulder wounds.

The heralded duel between the 7' 1" Carroll and Duke's 6' 11" Mike Gminski finally heated up with about nine minutes left in the game when Carroll banked in a short jumper and Gminski answered with a little whirl-drive against which Carroll committed his fourth foul. With Joe Barry on the bench and Purdue leading 51-48, Purdue went into a stall that lasted, Rose was to say later, "a precious" three minutes and 15 seconds.

Inexplicably, Duke Coach Bill Foster had taken out Gminski and Power Forward Gene Banks, so he rushed them back in the first chance he got. But here came Carroll, too. After Boilermaker

Guard Brian Walker made a rally-crushing steal from Vince Taylor, Purdue foul shots helped stretch the margin to 58-50 and to 62-54.

Gminski tipped one in at 1:35, and in the next 41 seconds Purdue turned the ball over three times. But Taylor, another hometown boy, didn't make good—he missed from the baseline—freshman Chip Engelland missed badly from outside, and Taylor missed again. No cigars anywhere. Suddenly there were 54 seconds left, Banks was fouling out, Carroll was converting two free throws (64-56) and the old-gold-and-black-clad Purdue mobs were chanting "J-B-C, J-B-C."

In addition to scoring a game-high 26 points (Gminski had 17 and Banks 14 for Duke), Carroll finally scored with the media people, who were beginning to wonder if he might be Marcel Marceau on stilts Joe Barry speaks.

"I haven't seen the stats yet. Coach said it was a good night. I gave it the best shot. I'd have to see the films," J.B.C. said.

"You allow respect to generate competition, and once you get past that, you leave it there, you just play 'em," J.B.C. said.

"My motivation is, basically, internalized; external stimulus is not a constant," J.B.C. said.

Yeah, well, thanks, J.B.C. Now back to you, Walter.

Another friend of the press was Indiana Coach Bobby Knight ("Sir Bob," Rose called him), who explained how his technical foul at halftime of the Purdue-Indiana game—over a play that resulted in a measly nine-point swing, giving Purdue a 41-26 lead 10 seconds into the second half—"had no bearing on the outcome." He didn't reveal, however, why he kept the bewildered Hoosiers back home for practices, moved the team from the press hotel to another or kept yanking senior Co-Captain Butch Carter in and out of the game.

"I'd never seen that look in their eyes," Purdue's Arnette Hallman said of the Hoosiers. "They had no control over what was happening." Nor did the normally taciturn Lee Rose when on Saturday afternoon, victory assured, he heaved his program high in the air. It may have landed over on Maxwell Street Or, like the Purdue Boilermakers, it could have wafted all the way to Indianapolis.

—CURRY KIRKPATRICK



Iowa came crashing back in the second half to defeat Syracuse in the semifinal but on this drive Steve Kralowicz crashed too hard, fouling out with 5:41 left.

GLORY DAY FOR THE MEN OF I-O-WAY

When Lute Olson accepted the head basketball job at Iowa six years ago after a stint at Long Beach State, he and his wife flew from California to Iowa City to look for a house. Upon arriving, Bobbi took one glance at the scenery and whimpered, "Lute, write to me." But he per-

suaded her to at least get off the plane and look around. Among the sights was the aging Iowa Field House, where the Hawkeyes play. Bobbi was truly panicky and said, "Now this isn't funny. Where do we really play?"

Anyway, Bobbi stayed in Iowa City in-

continued

stead of insisting on matrimony by mail, loves it, and, while the Hawkeyes still play in the old field house, the difference is that they now really play—and the populace loves it. "We have the greatest fans in the world because they're not spoiled by winning," says Olson. Even this year the Hawks were able only to tie for fourth in the Big Ten with a 10-8 record (they were 23-8 overall). Says Olson, "People don't always make the connection that a fourth-place team can be very close to first."

But at the NCAA Eastern Regionals in Philadelphia last weekend, Iowa, the fifth-seeded team in the East, rose up and whacked No. 1-seeded Syracuse 88-77, then slam-dunked Georgetown, the team with the longest winning streak in the nation (15), 81-80. "I think we're a lot of fun to watch," chorled Olson.

Part of the fun was the Hawks shooting the lights out from the foul line. They hit 14 free throws in a row in their Syracuse win, 17 straight against Georgetown and 19 of 20 all told. In the second half of the championship game, Iowa was almost as hot from the floor, connecting on 17 of 24 field goal attempts, or 70.8%. Even so, the Hawkeyes had to survive an 11-for-14 shooting performance by Georgetown's Eric (Sleepy) Floyd, who wound up with 31 points.

The Iowans were down by 14 points early in the second half. They were dead, but Georgetown forgot to initial the certificate. Said Hoya Coach John Thompson, "We played as well as we could have." Indeed they did, especially in view of their emotionally draining semifinal 74-68 win over hated Washington-area rival, Maryland.

The Iowa defeat of Georgetown was a typical Hawkeye effort—adversity met head-on. Earlier in the season, so many players had been injured that there weren't enough to hold a full-scale practice until a football player and former varsity performers were enlisted. One starter, Mark Gannon, hurt his knee on Jan. 5 and missed most of the conference season. Two others, Kenny Arnold and Bob Hansen, broke bones in their hands but kept playing. An assistant coach, Tony McAndrews, was injured in a plane crash.

Worst of all, the foremost player, senior Guard Ronnie Lester, missed 15 games because of a severely damaged right knee, which was operated on in

midseason. With Lester, Iowa was 15-1, without him, 8-7. "He's our security blanket," says Olson. "You can put pressure on a lot of people and it shows, but not on Ronnie."

So how's it feel to be a star, Ronnie?

"What's a star?"

Er, the best player?

"I'm just a player."

And gold is just a metal. It's Olson's view that Lester's knee (he came out of the operating room at 4 a.m., by 10 a.m. he was doing rehabilitative leg lifts) limits him to playing at perhaps 75% of his ability. Truth be known, it may be closer to 60%. At that, he's still the man who means the most to Iowa.

But in Philadelphia, it took starry performances by Vince Brookins—the perfect hero for adversity-plagued Iowa—to keep the Hawks flying toward Indianapolis. At age 10, Brookins broke both of his legs when he dished in front of a car driven by his Sunday school teacher. "That," says Brookins, "was when I learned to look before I leap." At 16, he was stabbed in the heart with a nine-inch knife and had open-heart surgery. He has broken his collarbone, shoulder, ankle and hand (twice). But he had no misfortune to speak of this year, unless you count a dislocated finger and 10 stitches in his lip.

Against Syracuse, with Iowa behind 57 to 55, he hit three free throws in a row to put the Hawkeyes ahead and on the high road for good. But his glory day was saved for the finals. He scored 16 points in the first half—exactly half Iowa's total—most of them on towering, look-before-leaping jumpers.

"If the shot is there," said Brookins, "you have to take it. I was ready to shoot and the shots were there." He was Iowa's leading scorer with 22 points.

While Brookins was the ongoing hero, 11th-hour stardom befell Kevin Boyle, who scored 14 points, and 6'10" Center Steve Waite. After a short jumper by the Hoyas' Craig Shelton tied the game at 78-all, the Hawkeyes froze the ball for two minutes, calling three time-outs in that span. With five seconds to go, Boyle rifled a pass to Waite. Waite tried the baseline and found it blocked. Then he whirled inside and put it in for what were, in effect, the winning points. He was fouled and made the free throw, the clincher. Said Waite, "I'm only a 60% free-throw shooter, but I was 100% on this one."

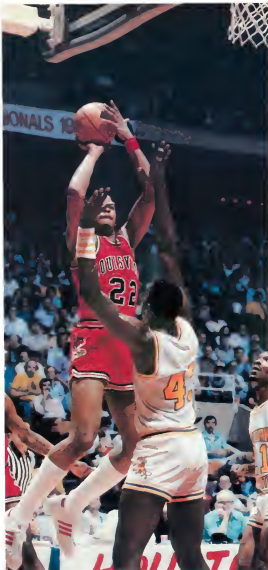
—DONALD S. LOONEY

LOUISVILLE SAYS IT'S IN THE CARDS

Just when it looked as if none of the nation's top-ranked teams would find their way to Indianapolis, No. 2 Louisville flexed its muscles in the Midwest Regionals and vaulted into the final four. After squeaking by Texas A&M on Friday, the Cardinals erupted on Sunday before a crowd of 12,800 at the Summit in Houston and showed America exactly why they are 31-3 and favored to win the national championship. What they did was shut off LSU's explosive but high-strung attack, beat the Tigers up and down the court and whip them through the air and under the backboards. When LSU became desperate and began fouling, Louisville crushed the Tigers at the free-throw line. Amazingly, the Cardinals routed LSU 86-66 even though their All-America guard, Darrell Griffith, played only 18 minutes because of foul trouble. "I have to say this," said LSU Coach Dale Brown. "But they completely deserve it. We've played DePaul and Kentucky—two great ones—but Louisville is better than either of them. Considerably better."

Well, thank you for finally speaking up. Louisville and LSU had earned their berths in the Midwest championship game by squeezing out semifinal victories that were so unconvincing and irresolute that even their victims were unwilling to give them the customary good-loser praise. Louisville, which had gone into overtime before getting past Kansas State 71-69 in the second round, survived DT again in eliminating Texas A&M 66-55. And LSU had only slightly less difficulty with Missouri in a 68-63 win.

With DePaul knocked out of the tournament the week before, LSU and Louisville were the highest-ranked teams remaining, so it was no surprise that they should meet in the finals. On the afternoon before the game, Brown sat at a table in the Summit gulping down Cokes and explaining his game plan. He said rebounding would be crucial. He also said the only way to stop Griffith was to force



Swinging in the Summit is Louisville Center Rodney McCrey, who pumped in 12 points against LSU

him into foul trouble. "We'll post him, no matter who he guards. When he shoots we're going to move in on him and try to draw a charge."

The plan didn't work, but then it didn't have to. Griffith picked up his first foul on the opening tip-off. Less than four minutes later he committed No. 2. Then, with 9:23 still left in the half, he cut across the lane and accidentally nailed LSU Center Greg Cook for a third personal that sent him to the bench. LSU threatened to pull away, running off 16 straight points in one stretch to lead 29-21. But thanks mainly to Wiley Brown and Derek Smith, Louisville's outstanding sophomore forwards, the Cards stayed very much in the game, leading 31-29 at halftime.

"Griff realized we needed a fast start to keep them out of their stall," Louisville Coach Denny Crum said later. "He was overanxious to get us ignited."

After the intermission Griffith got Griffith ignited. In a 5:48 spurt, Louisville raced from 41-37 to 61-45 and the game was all but over. During the spurt Griffith fed two teammates for layups and made two of two free-throw attempts, one layup off an inbounds pass, one thunder dunk and three high-arching jumpers. "Our intention was to hit them with a flurry," he said. "You can say that we capitalized."

Though Smith and Brown give Louisville a potent inside game, the Cardinals are essentially a running team that presses 40 minutes a game and attacks at its best during transitions. And it is Griffith who gives the team legs. In his 18 minutes on the floor, he scored 17 points, dished out seven assists and caused probably half of LSU's 17 turnovers en route to being named tournament MVP.

In 1977 at the World University Games in Sofia, Griffith shook free on a fast break. Only a 6' 2" Belgian player stood between him and the basket. Griffith stopped dribbling at the foul line, leaped into the air and dunked. There was a time-out as the arena erupted. Griffith turned to a teammate and said, "What's all the excitement about?" "Man," the teammate said, "you just jumped right over that dude."

A photo of the dunk appeared in the local papers, and Griffith became an instant celebrity in Sofia. He may become one in Indianapolis, too, if he jumps Louisville into the national title.

—MIKE DELNAGRO
continued



NCAA PLAYOFFS continued

UP FROM THE RUINS COME THE BRUINS

Some people still think basketball is spelled U-C-L-A and that John Wooden still sits courtside at Pauley Pavilion with his Wizard's wand concealed in a rolled-up program. How else to explain why the Bruins were invited to the NCAA tournament? Remember when

they had lost only three games in Pauley in 11 years? Well, this season, the first under Coach Larry Brown, they lost four. Not only that, UCLA lost nine games in all, the most in 17 years, and finished an embarrassing fourth in the Pac-10. Invite these Bruins to the NCAAAs? What nerve, what gall, what...genius.

Last week at the West Regional in Tucson, UCLA continued to start two freshman guards, Rod Foster and Michael Holton, and a relative runt at center, 6' 6" sophomore Mike Sanders. And the Bruins continued to gun down bigger teams with better records. First it was Old Dominion and DePaul,

Don't look back, Rod Foster, someone may be giving The best guard a shot, not did UCLA

Now it was Ohio State and Clemson. All of a sudden, Brown, to his and everybody else's amazement, had a team in the semifinals, something Wooden didn't accomplish until his 14th season in Westwood.

Ohio State was a distinct favorite over UCLA Thursday night, having just crushed Arizona State, which in turn had bashed the Bruins by 12 in mid-February. Coach Eldon Miller started a monster front line of 6' 9" Jim Smith, 6' 10" Herb Williams and 6' 7" Clark Kellogg. And Guard Kelvin Ransey, three times All-Big Ten, was, said Miller, "the best backcourt man I've worked with in 19 years of coaching."

Ransey, with 29 points, four rebounds and two assists, lived up to his notices, but the big men were too slow. James Wilkes, who had saved a little boy from drowning in a motel pool that afternoon, was a hero again in the evening, keeping the ball away from Williams in the middle. Sanders darted in and around the key for 19 points and eight rebounds. Ransey poured in the points, but UCLA won the battle of the boards 34-31, had four fewer turnovers and took the game 72-68, even without a good scoring night from Kiki Vandeweghe, who was limited to 12.

Sanders, voted the regional's outstanding player, was the key man. He had been a high school center in DeRidder, La. (ex-UCLA-star Walt Hazzard discovered him and recommended him for a grant-in-aid), but he hardly expected to play that position at UCLA.

When Brown was hired by UCLA, he kept ex-Bruin Larry Farmer as an assistant. Farmer told him, "There's a kid on our team that nobody's heard of, who probably played only 100 minutes all year as a freshman, who might be our best player. Coach, he'll play any position; he'll do anything it takes to win and you're going to fall in love with him."

Brown did come to admire Sanders, but he kept him on the bench at first, along with the freshman guards. He felt an obligation to start upperclassmen who had endured all or part of the Wooden-Gene Bartow-Gary Cunningham coaching changes. That policy has been junked, and Brown also has jettisoned a complicated attack and reinstituted Wooden's old high-post offense.

Vandeweghe, one of two seniors on the UCLA sterling five, poured in 22 points against Clemson.

After Ohio State came Clemson, well coached by Bill Foster and boasting three 6' 10" men along the front line, as well as two good guards in All-ACC Billy Williams and Bobby Conrad, whose dad played in the 1955 NCAA tournament for Loyola of New Orleans. On Thursday, Clemson had followed its normal procedure of coming from behind in the second half to beat Lamar 74-66.

Clemson was a bit of a Cinderella team itself, having finished fourth in the ACC and having only one league victory on the road. Brown felt his team was drained by the Ohio State game and was worried that the Bruins couldn't win unless they were emotionally high. He was wrong. Clemson wasn't quick enough to stop UCLA from maneuvering into position for relatively unchallenged three- and four-foot jumpers. Vandeweghe and Sanders had 22 points and four assists apiece, and the four freshmen, Holton, Foster and subs Darren Daye and Cliff Pruitt, darted around like jackrabbits, accounting for a total of 31 points, nine rebounds and nine assists.

Early in the season this same talented quartet was making unforced turnovers and missing free throws in the clutch. Now they are, in effect, sophomores with lots of experience. If Vandeweghe isn't on target, they aren't bashful about putting it up themselves.

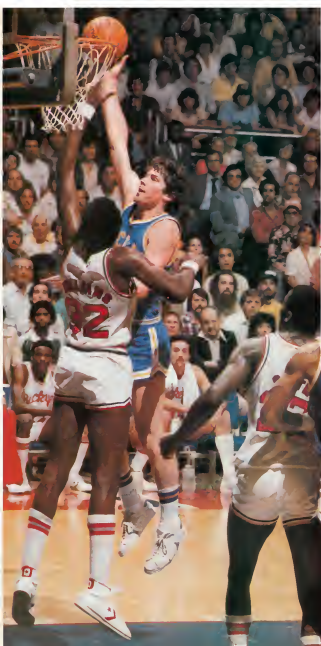
The final score was 85-74, and once again the Bruins won the rebound battle, too, 40-34. Foster was in awe of their board strength. "They're not as tall as some people," he said, "but they play a lot taller than you list 'em in the program." And he was impressed by their quickness. "We tried to press 'em a few times and they went by it before they knew we were pressin' 'em."

So for the 14th time (six more than its nearest rivals, Ohio State and Kentucky) UCLA had made it into the final four. Naturally, Brown had to allude to UCLA basketball tradition in his remarks to the press.

"We've played so much better in this series of games—the last six—than we have all year," he said. "I guess that's the reason we're going to Indianapolis. Our guys have those letters on their chests. Some of them think they're Superman, and I'm not going to tell them any different."

—JOE JARIS

END





The size and speed that helped to make Gibson a notable receiver are an asset in baseball, too.

ter will be Dave Stegman, another rookie who has been virtually ignored in the tumult over the Tigers' golden boy.

Even for Detroit, a team committed to rebuilding, the 22-year-old, 6' 3", 210-pound Gibson is a heroic and possibly foolish risk. After all, Stegman is three years older, more experienced, better defensively and has twice batted .300 in the minors. But as far as the Tigers are concerned, Stegman is like temporary office help. Gibson is the man they want for the long haul.

In 143 minor league games at the Class A (Lakeland, Fla. 1978) and Class AAA (Evansville, Ind. 1979) levels, Gibson struck out nearly 33% of the time and batted but .243. In spring training with the Tigers last year, he struck out eight times in 15 appearances (however, his three hits were home runs) and he batted .237 in a 12-game September trial. He had his most impressive statistics last fall in the Florida Instructional League, where he hit .330. Moreover, Gibson is strong in two important areas: run production (16 homers, 77 runs and 82 RBIs in the minors) and speed (he gets to first in 3.4 seconds and stole 33 bases in the minors).

Tiger President Jim Campbell, who created the opening in centerfield by trading LeFlore to Montreal for Pitcher Dan Schatzeder, says, "God only knows he'll have some problems." Manager Sparky Anderson, who had planned to platoon Gibson in rightfield (with Champ Summers) even before the LeFlore trade, says, "We're not expecting numbers of any kind. We just want him to get through the season with his head up." And, finally, Jim Leyland, who knows Gibson best of all because he has managed him at every way station of his professional career, says, "He's a diamond in the rough, but if you can't go out on the limb with a guy like Gibson, it can't be done."

Other Tiger officials also insist Gibson is worth the risk. Team consultant Rick Ferrell says his improvement last year was the greatest he's ever seen. After his disastrous spring and late start in Evansville because of a knee injury, Gibson was the leading hitter in the American Association playoffs with a .429 average. Campbell says, "Gibson bubbles over with ability." Leyland says, "He has

HE'S SEMI-PHENOMENAL

Detroit is wholly sold on rookie Centerfielder Kirk Gibson, but for the moment will play him only half the time—against righthanders **by LARRY KEITH**

Ready, set, hut. Flying downfield and crashing over the defense is glaze-fingered Kirk Gibson, the best wide receiver in major league baseball. To the amazement of everyone outside the Detroit organization, the Tigers have closed their eyes, crossed their hearts and announced that the former Michigan State football All-America is their centerfielder for the sea-

son as well as their hope for the future.

The Tigers believe Gibson's athletic talent and true grit can overcome his lack of baseball skill and experience. After only three years on the diamond, one in college, two in the minors, Gibson has been promoted to the lefthand-hitting half of the centerfield job that became available when Detroit traded Ron LeFlore in December. The righthanded hit-

the two things that bring people to the park—home-run power and base-stealing speed." But it is Anderson who is highest on Gibson, and is giving him the opportunity to start as a rookie; to that end, Sparky had Gibson as a houseguest for five get-acquainted days in January.

"If a fifth-place ball club can't give a chance to a 22-year-old player," says Anderson, "then who can? Gibson might be as good an athlete as we've ever seen. He's a lot like Jabbar and Walton in basketball. He can turn this franchise around. If he doesn't, we're in trouble."

Anderson has no delusions about Gibson. He agrees in principle with Baltimore Manager Earl Weaver's assessment that "in three years, Gibson will either be a star, or home crying to Mama." Says Anderson, "He'll make a lot of mistakes in the field. He has a chance to be horrible. But his speed is going to get him to a lot of balls and his arm is pretty good. A year ago he couldn't throw at all." Anderson wants to help Gibson's offensive production by encouraging him to bunt, by not having him face left-handers and by increasing his ration of fastballs by batting him second behind Lou Whitaker, a good base stealer.

Even with these advantages Gibson knows his task will not be easy. "By the normal evaluation of players, they are taking a chance," he said last week as he sprawled on a hotel bed in Lakeland. "I'm capable, but there's no guarantee that I'm going to make it. I really don't know if I'm major league caliber or not, but the only way to find out is to put me out there."

If success doesn't come overnight, Gibson will have to get by on determination. "He's a working fool," says Anderson. "There ain't enough work for him." Sometimes Gibson works too hard. Early in spring training he spent so much time in the batting cage that he bruised his left hand and had to miss the first four exhibition games. In the minors Leyland worked with him every morning, pitching batting practice, hitting fly balls, helping him stretch the tight muscles in his throwing arm acquired from years of football. "You couldn't wear him out," Leyland says. "He's so strong he could take a lot of extra work. He needed it, though. I had to start from scratch and give him a crash course."

Gibson and the Tigers believe he passed. "Would you rather have a .250 hitter who's a winner or a .360 hitter who's a loser?" Gibson asks. "I guarantee

continued

TOMORROW'S HEROES



The Yankees hope they have another Ron Guidry in Dave Righetti. 21, a 6' 3" left-hander who in three years as a pro has averaged more than one strikeout an inning. His father, Les, was a minor-league



Devaso Garcia, 23, was a .265 hitter in four seasons in the Yankee farm system. Traded to Toronto last fall, he will start at second no matter how he hits. "He's got great hands," says Coach Bobby Doerr.



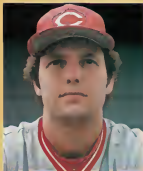
Bill Veatch first noticed Harold Baines as a Little League. Now 21, Baines hit .298 with 22 home runs for Iowa last year and will play outfield for Chicago. "He's on his way to Cooperstown," says Paul Richards.



Mickey Hatcher hit .371 for Albuquerque last year to lead the Pacific Coast League, the third straight season he has been over .300. A 25-year-old third baseman, Hatcher may dislodge the Dodgers' Ron Cey



St. Louis' Leon Durham, 22, has been a first baseman since he was five, but Keith Hernandez is there and Durham is taking a crash course in outfield play. He hit .310 with 23 homers at Springfield last year.



With Joe Morgan gone, Ron Cester, 23, who grew up in Cincinnati, may claim second base. Cester (say o-ster) batted .281 with Indianapolis last year and is a switch hitter, just like his boyhood idol, Pete Rose

ROOKIES continued

you I'm a winner. Last year's playoffs with Evansville prove that. So I'm not going to be scared or negative. I know the pressure is there, but I don't think about it. Since becoming a baseball player I've made unbelievable improvement. There probably aren't a handful of players with the ability I have."

That ability began to be developed when Gibson was a youngster in Waterford, Mich. When he came home from school for lunch, his father, a tax auditor then, now a high school math teacher, made a point of being there, too, so Kirk could have someone to pass a football to in autumn and someone to catch his pitches from the backyard mound in the spring. He also shot baskets in the winter. Naturally, Kirk became an all-around star in high school and the outstanding senior athlete (as, indeed, his two older sisters had been), but football was the only sport that earned him college scholarship offers. The sole reason Gibson played baseball at all in his junior year at Michigan State was to strengthen his bargaining position as a likely No. 1 draft choice in football. However, he showed so much baseball potential that spring season of 1978—batting .390 with 16 home runs and 52 RBIs in 48 games—that he became a top baseball prospect too. When baseball scouts started bearing down on him in advance of the June free-agent draft he had a major career decision to make. "It was hellacious," he says. "Scouts were calling, the press was on me like flies, agents were calling, chicks were calling."

The Tigers maneuvered ahead of the crush when one of their scouts, Bob Sullivan, invited Gibson to play in a Grand Rapids summer league and arranged for a workout at Tiger Stadium. With Coach Dick Tracewski pitching and Campbell looking on, Gibson went to town. "I was really cranking them," he says. "Upper deck and all that. Pretty soon I decided I wanted to play with the Tigers, but I also knew I had to turn off the teams drafting ahead of them. So when one of those teams called, I would tell them there was no way I was going to sign, that they'd just be wasting their pick. When the teams drafting later than Detroit contacted me I just said I hadn't decided between baseball and football yet."

Detroit snagged Gibson with the 12th selection of the first round. "If the Tigers hadn't drafted me," Gibson

continued

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says, "I wouldn't have signed with any other club."

When Gibson did sign, for \$200,000, the largest bonus in the history of the club, he promised he would forgo professional football. Even so, following his outstanding senior football season in 1978 he was selected in the seventh round of the NFL draft by St. Louis. Gibson has stuck to his baseball commitment, even though he did send a tremor through the Tiger organization last month when he met with the St. Louis front office. The Tigers were concerned, but Gibson says, "Once I signed a baseball contract, that was it. I can't stand it when people ask me about football. If I don't want to play baseball, why am I here?"

Of course, Gibson could view football as his outer pass should he fail in baseball. His visit to the NFL Cardinals certainly encouraged such speculation. And his interest in football remains high, even in a major league baseball training camp. Last week he was wearing a Kansas City Chiefs T shirt and was reading Jack Tatum's *They Call Me Assassin*. Probably because he has played much more football than baseball, he delights in talking about it. "I loved to hit," he said. "I'd catch a five-yard out and then turn upfield to hit the first person I could find."

Anderson thinks this pugnacity can make Gibson a success in baseball. "He's a tough, mean kid," Sparky says. "I think he's man enough to take what's coming. I told him if he can't handle it, I'll take him out. It won't be his batting average that decides. But I think he is capable of making a real contribution. Starting against righthanders, I think he can get 450 as bats, but above .250, with 15 home runs, 45 to 50 RBIs and 30 stolen bases."

In his spring-training debut last Wednesday against Montreal, Gibson showed flashes of talent and inexperience. In five at bats he tripled and singled, but on the single he was thrown out when he rounded first base too far. In the field he misjudged and dropped a short fly ball and cut in front of Steve Kemp to catch a ball that clearly belonged to the leftfielder. "If Kirk and I don't get together out there," Kemp said, "as big as he is, he'll kill me."

Kemp is not the only one who will have to get accustomed to Kirk Gibson. If the Tigers are correct about him, all of baseball will. If they are wrong, he could become the best centerfielder in the NFL.

END

NO TICKET TO COOPERSTOWN

Then there are the celebrated rookies who didn't make it. Paul Strand, purchased by the 1924 Athletics for \$70,000, then a staggering sum. Didn't last the season. Andy Cohen, 1928 Giants, John McGraw's lure for New York's Jews. Pressing under unrelenting scrutiny, was sent down after two seasons. Lou (The Mad Russian) Novkoff, brought up by the 1941 Cubs. Struck around during the war years, released by the Phillies in 1946. But they all pale in comparison to the Giants' Clint Hartung.

When the Hondo Hurricane reported to Phoenix in March of 1947, he had been described as "an entire ball club in himself," "potentially the greatest player in baseball" and "half-Feller, half-Fox." To be sure, Hartung was an imposing and appealing fellow. At 23, he stood nearly 6' 5" and weighed 215 pounds. Hailing from Hondo, Texas, a small farming and ranching town, he was modest, good-natured, scotchy, angular, big-eared and a bit awkward. Everyone called him Floppy. That he could hit and pitch was the elixir. The kid was obviously the second coming of Babe Ruth. And that was the problem. His true credentials were more down-to-earth.

In 1941 the principal of Hondo High School persuaded the Minneapolis Millers to take a look at Hartung, who had been an all-state pitcher and first baseman. The Millers signed him, but when he was backluster in half a dozen games they shipped him to Class C Eau Claire of the Northern League. There, playing first base, Hartung batted .358, with 12 homers and 61 runs batted in over a 66-game season. As a pitcher he was 3-1.

An orderly transition through the minors was cut short by World War II. Playing for an Army Air Force team in Hondo, Hartung won 23 games and impressed some big league soldiers, including Ernie Slaughter, with his speed. Transferred to a base in Hawaii, he continued to pitch well and clubbed several tape-measure homers. Word got to New York. Sight unseen, the Giants bought him from Minneapolis in 1945.

Hartung was expected at spring training in 1946 but instead he reenlisted and spent another season in Hawaii. Playing for the Hickman Bay Bombers, he was 25-0 as a pitcher and batted .567. Never mind that the other pros were back in civvies; the legend grew.

The Giants had finished last in 1946, and their canny publicist Garry Schumacher was casting about for good news. "Hartung's a sucker if he ever shows up," Schumacher told the New York press. "He should go straight to Cooperstown." When Hartung homered in



Hartung, the Hondo Hurricane, became a regular

his first at bat in an intrasquad game, the writers let down their guard and dubbed him the Pincemon.

Encouraged by Hartung's power, Manager Mel Ott started him in rightfield on Opening Day. Unfortunately, Hartung had played fewer than 50 games in the outfield. After a month of bobbed grounders and muffed fly balls, Ott switched him to pitcher. Hartung finished the season with a 9-7 record, a 4.57 earned run average and a .309 batting average in 34 games. At times he showed genuine promise, tossing a two-hitter and winning games with his bat.

The problem was that Hartung was exclusively a fistball pitcher. During the next three seasons he struggled—8-8, 9-11, 3-3. In 1951 Leo Durocher, then the Giants' manager, switched him back to the outfield, but he was no more successful at hitting curves than throwing them. After the 1952 season he was released. His six-year stats: a 29-29 record and a 5.02 ERA as a pitcher and a .238 average in only 378 at bats.

Hartung's now a gangster-her, or foreman-for Muehlen Oil in Simon, Texas. After his release he played three seasons in the minors, went to work for the oil company and led its semipro team, the Simon Oilers, to the 1956 U.S. championship.

"There's nothing you can do about getting built up as a rookie," says the laconic Hartung. "Just bear down and take it. I just did what I was told, I was brought up that way. I have no complaints."

And as it was, he shouldn't. After all, Hartung is a baseball immortal. Not only as the game's most celebrated rookie but also as a principal in a famous trivia question.

Who was on base when Bobby Thomson hit the home run that won the 1951 pennant? Answer: Whitney Lockman had doubled, sending Don Mueller to third, but Mueller had broken an ankle sliding. The pinch runner? Clint Hartung.

—JIM KAPLAN

A quarter of a century earlier he had been a skinny youngster wearing a sweat-stained T shirt, bending over in a field that all but steamed and hissed under a brutal Florida sun. Last July his dark arm reached out again, not for green beans or lettuce but for something entirely different. No longer were Calvin Peete's trousers filthy with loam, nor was he an uneducated stoop laborer, a picker with no future beyond his next bushel. Instead, Peete was on the 18th green at the Tuckaway Country Club in Milwaukee, surrounded by thousands of golf

Now to be black and a professional golfer is noteworthy, but to be a black professional golfer with jewelry in your mouth, that is something else. Golf is a grand old game, content to be a little musty, a sport in which change comes slowly. But it does change, and Peete is proof of its evolutionary nature. The roots of black golf are thin, but they exist. The first black golfers, Ted Rhodes and Bill Spiller, came along 30 years ago. Today they are all but forgotten, but without them Peete could not be what he is now: a tournament winner and a member in good standing of the PGA club.

Because Rhodes and Spiller were significant, Peete can be special, can flash his diamonds at the Establishment, because, paradoxically, he is no longer very special. In 1974, when Lee Elder became the first black to qualify for the Masters, he had to hire a public-relations man to handle his publicity and personal appearances. Last year, a month before Milwaukee, Peete finished high enough at the U.S. Open to earn an exemption to this season's Masters—and hardly anyone noticed. As Peete puts it, "To be first at something is a different song."

Nevertheless, to accomplish what he has, Peete has had to have diamond-cut diamond resolve. From the beginning—almost from the moment he hit his first golf ball—Peete believed he could become a tournament golfer although, at about the same age, Jack Nicklaus had already won the U.S. Open. To Peete golf was a game, and after what he had endured as a child, he figured any game could be learned.

Peete was born in Detroit on July 18, 1943 and lived the first 10 years of his life there, the youngest of his mother's nine children. Then his parents separated, and his mother sent him to his grandmother's place outside Hayti, in the bootheel of Missouri. "You can call it a farm, I guess," says Peete. "She had some chickens and a few turkeys. But it was

continued

On the course, Peete's concentration is fierce, as it has been from the time he discovered the game.

A LONG SHOT OUT OF A TRAP

From lowly "stooper" to full-fledged golf pro: an incredible trip it has been for Calvin Peete by **BARRY McDERMOTT**

fans and by reporters, photographers and tournament officials in blazers. The sun was shining, but benignly. Calvin Peete bent down, and this time picked up a golf ball. He had just won the Greater Milwaukee Open.

How far a man travels, how much he improves his life from start to finish, is a fair gauge of success. By such standards, Calvin Peete is nothing short of exceptional. First of all, there is his color. Peete is a black man in a white man's sport. Also, because of a childhood accident in which his left elbow was fractured in three places, he cannot straighten that arm. Furthermore, he is a product of poverty, one of 19 children his father had in two marriages, an eighth-grade dropout who labored in the fields of south central Florida with no better prospects than to work like a mule for the rest of his life. Pure chance put him on a golf course for the first time 14 years ago. And finally, Calvin Peete is the golf pro with two diamonds in his front teeth.



better than the streets." Two years later his father, who had remarried and was living in Pahokee in Florida's Palm Beach County, came to Hays to retrieve Calvin. "We're going to start a new family," he told his son. Eventually his father and stepmother had 10 children. Thus Peete went from being the youngest of nine kids to the oldest of 11, from the baby of the family to, in effect, the firstborn. He took his responsibilities seriously.

Think of Florida and you think of salt water, sandy beaches and palm trees. But Pahokee is on the shore of Lake Okeechobee, 50 miles inland, almost in the center of the peninsula. It is hot, flat, vegetable-growing country on the edge of the Everglades. Pahokee is well on the other side of paradise. Yet Peete, his schoolteacher wife Christine and their four children still live nearby, in the community of Clewiston. One imagines that the area is a kind of touchstone for Peete.

Calvin worked beside his father in the fields, giving most of what he earned to his parents. Alongside him toiled people from various Caribbean countries. Few could speak English, and most had no concept of the value of U.S. money. "They just took what they were offered," says Peete. "A lot of them couldn't count."

As a picker Calvin rose at 5:30 a.m.

In his teens, Peete worked Florida cornfields like this. It was "as low as you could get," he says.

and toiled all day. Pickers aged fast. Today, at 36, Peete looks five years older. "It was very hard work," he says. "It was demanding, and the pay was really low. For corn you might get a dollar an hour, but usually you were paid by the bushel. I always thought, 'The harder I work, the more money I'll make.' To me, it was very demeaning. It had no standing at all. It was about as low as you could get." But he holds no grudges, except that today he refuses to grow even a small garden. Peete has had enough of vegetables.

As he worked under the blazing sun, Peete noted the visits of peddlers from Miami who regularly came to sell pants, shoes, shirts—perhaps a cheap suit—to the field hands, few of whom had cars. When he was 17, Peete got himself a peddler's license, loaded up a 1956 Plymouth station wagon and began selling and buying up and down the East, as far north as Rochester, N.Y. He found he could make \$200 a week.

He sold clothing and trinkets and gaudy jewelry to migrant workers. His customers came to know him and buy from him because he was the Diamond Man. Instinctively aware of what "image" meant, Peete had persuaded a den-



On a break in the tour, Peete relaxes with his wife Christine, son Peete and daughter Kalvenette.

tist to install two diamond chips in the bridgework at the front of his mouth. He figures the diamonds are worth about \$500 on today's market, and he is about ready to cash them in. They have served their purpose.

When he became a peddler, Peete moved from Pahokee to Fort Lauderdale and there met the man who was to become the great benefactor in his life. He was Benjamin Widoff, and he owned a good deal of rental property. Discerning in Peete a man willing to work, he let Calvin buy several apartments for only \$400 down. "I kept selling clothes for capital," says Peete. "In time I guess I wound up owning maybe \$200,000 worth of property he sold me. He was an awfully good man."

Note, if you will, that in a 10-year span Peete had progressed from farm laborer to peddler to apartment-house owner. He was 23 years old and ready to be over-



whelmed by golf. While he was on a selling trip up North, a couple of buddies persuaded him to go with them to a fish fry. But they took him instead to a public golf course. Peete, who had thought of golf as a "dumb" game, played a few holes and was hooked.

He went back to Fort Lauderdale and grappled with the sport at a public park on a spit of land not much larger than a parking lot. He practiced from dawn to dusk, hitting and picking up, emptying his shag bag, then gathering up the balls and hitting them again. He was both pupil and professor, teaching himself by reading instructional books and by studying sequence pictures of his swing that he managed to take by himself with a motor-driven camera mounted on a tripod. He learned how to grip a club when he went to buy a golf glove. The salesman took a long look at his right hand, blistered and raw from holding clubs in-

correctly, and showed him the right way.

Yet he was clearly a "natural." The first time he played a full 18-hole round, he shot 87. A year and a half later he was breaking par, an accomplishment the more remarkable because of his bent left arm. Every neophyte knows that the cardinal rule of golf is to keep the left arm straight.

As a teen-ager, Peete had tried to fill in some of his educational blanks by reading as much as possible, choosing titles with an eye to practicality. Shakespeare, for instance, was out. "I couldn't see where anything he had to say would help me," says Peete. He applied the same pragmatism to golf. He gambled little because he was trying to learn the game, not win money, but when he did make occasional minor wagers he insisted they be contested at medal, rather than match play. Weekend golfers make their bets at match play; the pros count noth-

ing but strokes. Peete was thinking pro.

One of his good friends in those early days was Dr. Gordon Merritt, a Fort Lauderdale dentist. In the beginning, for every stroke Merritt shot under 83, Cal paid him \$2. If Peete shot under 72, the dentist would shell out \$2 a stroke. "He used to keep me clean," Merritt recalls. "He would practice all day. I'd go by the park in the morning on the way to work and there he'd be, hitting balls. He'd still be there when I went home."

Such was Peete's desire that often he would wake up in the middle of the night and begin thinking about his golf swing. In the wee hours he would get up, put on his clothes, drive over to the park and hit practice shots under the dim glow of streetlights. Occasionally, a local resident would telephone the police.

It was three years before Peete saw his first golf tournament on television; he always preferred to play on weekend

continued



CALVIN PEETE *continued*

afternoons. And even when he began to watch, he never could sit through an entire telecast. His thoughts would turn to his own game and he would rush off to the driving range. He kept notebooks that detailed the components of his swing, and he still refers to them. Time was important because the calendar was against him. Moments spent watching golf could be better spent playing it. Although there were several pro tournaments each spring in the Fort Lauderdale area, Peete never went to any as a spectator. The first pro tournament he saw was one in which he played.

In 1971, five years after he took up the game, Peete turned professional. He was 0 for 2 in his first attempts to earn the qualifying card he needed to join the PGA tour. Undeterred, he played in black tournaments and in "mini-tour" events. In those days he wore shiny boots with golf spikes and drove a Cadillac. He says it was maroon. Others recollect that it was pink. Jim Simons remembers Peete in 1972. Simons had turned pro after an outstanding amateur career, and he was honing his game at mini-tour events around Tampa. In one of them,

Peete won only \$1,262 SG in February's L.A. Open, but between shots he looked the champion

he and Peete tied for the title. "I was really playing good," Simons recalls. "I thought, 'How did this black man ever tie me?' I found out quick enough in the playoff. On the first hole he drove it right down the middle, then hit a wedge about a foot from the hole. That was that."

In 1975 Peete finally earned his PGA card. He joined the regular tour the next season but at first had only limited success, winning about \$21,000 in each of his first three years. Peete practiced and drove himself so hard, cutting corners on food and accommodations, that friends worried about him. Often he would finish playing and then have to repair his automobile in order to drive to the next pro stop. The Cadillac had traveled 160,000 miles when it finally expired.

Peete's grandmother once told him, "You can give out, but don't give up." Finally, last year he broke through, tying for 11th in the Open, winning at Milwaukee and finishing second the next week in the Quad Cities Tournament. Altogether, there were seven finishes in the Top 10 and \$122,481 in earnings, good for 27th on the PGA money list. But even more important was the realization that he finally was a fixture on the pro circuit. He belonged.

Think a minute about how far he had come—and, before him, Bill Spiller, Charlie Sifford, Pete Brown and Lee Elder, who has won four tournaments and last year made the Ryder Cup team. Jackie Robinson joined the Brooklyn Dodgers in 1947. It was not until 1961 that the PGA struck the "Caucasian clause" from its bylaws, a rule stipulating whites-only membership. The clause was erased after the attorney general of California refused to allow the PGA to hold a tournament in that state because the organization was discriminatory. Until then, a few blacks, Charlie Sifford for one, had played on the tour at the whim of individual tournament directors, and rarely in the South. Sifford, who was on the pro circuit in 1964, never played below the Mason-Dixon Line. "When the tour left the U.S.," he said, "I left the tour."

Spiller, now 66, was among the black pioneers. As a young man he clearly deserved the chance to play pro golf; in 1948, when he was allowed to compete in the Los Angeles Open, he shot a 68 in

the first round, a score that tied Ben Hogan. But years of systematic exclusion eroded his talents. As late as 1960 he was photographed standing forlornly outside the entrance to a PGA tournament in Long Beach, his golf clubs beside him, carrying a sign that charged racial discrimination. Now Spiller, who lives in L.A., works three days a week as a sky-cap at the airport. On Saturdays he gives an occasional lesson at a driving range.

The week after Spiller shot his 68, he was barred from an event at Richmond, Calif. The Caucasians-only rule was cited. Spiller and Rhodes, who may have been the best black golfer ever, a player Spiller refers to as "the king," filed a \$315,000 damage suit against the PGA. The action was dropped when the PGA agreed to give the players applications for "playing privileges."

Three years ago Spiller was in the hospital convalescing from an operation. He used the time to write an article condemning racial discrimination at private country clubs, and showed it to a doctor. The man seemed surprised. "Oh," said the doctor. "Do you play golf?" Spiller never entered more than five PGA-sanctioned events in one year. That occurred in 1953, and by then he was 40 years old.



Having served a purpose, the diamonds will go

In 1952 the PGA had said blacks could enter tournaments under an "approved entry" classification. At one of the year's first tournaments, the Phoenix Open, a local variety store sold Confederate caps at a reduced rate and a radio announcer wore one while reporting results from the scoreboard.

Sifford often has been called "the Jackie Robinson of golf," but he stubbornly rejects the designation, because it is inaccurate. Both Spiller and Rhodes slightly preceded him. But when he finally got his chance, Sifford was the most persistent. Between 1960 and 1969, he never missed making the Top 60 in winnings. He drove from tournament to tournament in his own car, first to save money, second so that he never had to ask anyone for a courtesy car. "I never liked to be told no," he says.

Sifford was practicing at an L.A. public course one day when an onlooker asked him what his handicap was. "This," said Sifford, pinching his skin. And when he finally played in the South, he was treated disgracefully. At the 1969 Greater Greensboro Open a group of men followed him, taunting, "Miss it, nigger." The early black golfers all understood their vulnerability. "They couldn't touch Jackie Robinson in a ball park, but they could touch me," Sifford said.

In the early days Sifford had supported himself by serving as singer Billy Eckstine's valet. Says Sifford today, "I'm 56 years old and I still play a pretty good game. Suppose I had been playing when I was 20 or 21? I would have won 10 times more than the \$340,000 I did over 20 years." He virtually retired from the pro tour in 1975, after missing the Top 60 list, and took a job at a public golf course in Brecksville, Ohio. That same year he won the PGA Seniors title.

Discrimination has diminished sharply by now, and Calvin Peete can live with what's left. He even suspects that someday he will join a country club. "I've found that whites discriminate against whites, too," he says. "Certain classes of people don't want to associate with other classes of people. But now, if you've got the money, you can find a country club to join."

A country club? A few years ago the only way he could have gotten in would have been by carrying a silver coltpepper.

Bigotry can be as resilient as concrete, but once it cracks, no mortar can cement it again, and whenever one of the pe-

oneer black golfers knocked down a barrier it stayed down. They got through the front gates, then into the clubhouse, and then up on the leader board, and those advances represented territory Calvin Peete never had to straggle for. Sifford could not have done what he did had not Rhodes and Spiller preceded him, and Pete Brown, who has won \$212,498 in 17 years, could not have done it without Sifford. Or Elder without Brown, Sifford et al.

When Peete took up golf in 1966 and decided to make it his career, he knew two things: how much money Nicklaus earned and that there were black players out there on the tour. As yet, no black has won a major title, and that is one of Peete's ambitions. Another is to provide his children with a good home and an education.

While Peete has been accepted on the PGA tour, he has not been completely assimilated. He and the other black golfers are still semi-cosmopolites. The situation manifests itself in odd ways, such as when Peete's fellow professionals, players raised with country-club spoons in their mouths, sometimes take to acting as if they were ghetto-born. They will slap palms and cry out, "Cal, my man, what be happenin'?" What be happenin'? Peete answers them in careful English. His speech is not Boston Brahmin, but it is correct and clearly enunciated. Save for the diamonds, there is nothing jive about him.

Peete, in fact, is a reserved, pensive man, by his own admission "a loner." He has never had a roommate. His clothing runs to the somber. On the course, he seems impassive, almost gloomy. His face is hidden beneath a visor and behind sunglasses. He wears a mustache and his mouth turns down morosely at the corners.

His close friends on the circuit are about equally divided between white and black. His sponsor, a supermarket man named Lowell Beggs from Amboy, Ill., is white. So is Carlton White, his partner in the annual Disney World National Team Championship, and for that matter so is Beverly Klass, his partner last year in the Mixed Team Championship that pairs the top PGA and LPGA golfers.

His alliance with Klass says something about the sort of man and golfer Peete is. Last year it was the men's turn to "invite," and Peete's first choice was a fam-

ily friend and top player on the women's circuit, but she already had a partner. Peete then asked Klass, a fringe LPGA player. Shortly thereafter, Peete's original choice telephoned to say her pairing had fallen through. But Peete did not react by dumping Klass, even though the Mixed Team was a \$400,000 tournament. Instead, he flew to California and practiced with her for a week, giving her tips, mostly mental, that helped her game.

Before the start of last season Peete reviewed films of his swing, and when the tour opened on the West Coast he stayed in Florida to practice. He started competing again in March and improved his scoring average throughout the year, winning all but \$2,500 of his \$122,481 in prize money after May 1. He tied for 11th in the U.S. Open in Toledo, which qualified him for the Masters, and a month later he put together four straight rounds in the 60s, closing with a 65 to win at Milwaukee by five strokes. At the time Peete quipped, "The hole kept getting in the way of the ball."

Though Peete is 36, his future is promising because golf is a sport in which the athletic arteries take a long time to harden. "Right now, if I finish out of the Top 20," he says, "I feel like I played bad that week." He figures he still has five or six seasons left. He is in good shape and exercises to stay that way, and his reflexes are sharp, partly because he plays some basketball. He likes defense, the sport's drudgery.

Now in his fifth year on the tour, he is whacking away, picking up \$600 here, \$1,200 there, trying to get back into the groove.

Even if he never regains it, Calvin Peete must be judged a success. He has come so far. Tom Watson is a great golfer, but he was born to the game. Peete's circumstances were as different as black from white.

Thirty years ago Peete could have been good enough to tie Ben Hogan, and golf would have turned him into a biggame hunter. Now things are different. Seven black golfers have PGA cards. Others are knocking at the door. Golf changes, and Calvin Peete is proof of that. The days of empty pockets and stoop labor are long past, faded away like Bill Spiller and Ted Rhodes. But one constant remains for Peete. On off days he will practice from morning until dusk, hunting shag balls and walking out to gather them up. He's always been a helluva picker. **END**

I didn't put any constraints on this team. Unlike a good oppressive manager should," said Dr. Dave Martin of his stewardship of the U.S. men who would run in the world cross-country championships a day later. "I gave them their money and a map of the city and said, 'The work begins on the weekend.'" As the city was Paris, Martin admitted "Until now, nobody thought a damn thing about the race."

For a time it seemed that each runner had reverted to the age when he had learned, or was supposed to have learned, French. When Dr. Duncan Macdonald, an Olympian, the former U.S. record holder at 5,000 meters, and at 31 the dean of the men's team by six years, was dubbed Drunken Macdonald by teammate Guy Arbogast in a restaurant, Macdonald responded by informing their fellow runners that "the porcelain thing in the bathroom you've never seen before—that's an Arbogast." Two French girls sitting nearby picked up their table and moved it farther away.

The U.S. women were the defending world champions in Paris, and though not as boisterous as the men, matched them for vividness of character. Joan Benoit, who in early February in New Zealand broke her own American record in the marathon by almost four minutes with a 2:31:23, the second fastest ever run by a woman, is small, but not quite delicate. Her face is capable of becoming an emotionless mask, even her eyes going dull, so that one attends only to her words. Thus is their outrageousness enhanced. Rooming with Benoit was Ellison Goodall, who placed third in last year's race in the mud of Limerick, Ireland. Goodall is slight and blonde, and wears seven gold rings and running shoes of hot pink and lime green.

Also back from last year's team were Jan Merrill, who is shy but cannot hide the rich good spirits that dance behind her eyes; Julia Shea, whose melancholy expression is not supported by her behavior; and Margaret Groos, the AAU champion, who suffuses a room with light. Among them, the language strained to carry the weight of their frequent double entendres.

"Joanie, I haven't seen you all day," Goodall said one evening.

"I ran to Nice and back," dead-panned Benoit.

"That was nice," replied Groos.

"But I forgot to get the dried fruit you wanted," said Benoit.

Goodall looked wounded. "Oh dear," she said, "then I'm going into raisin debt."

Morning and evening the women ran over dew-glistened cobblestone streets, through a pedestrian tunnel where a flautist piped his silvery song, into the green and chalky-gravel space of the Bois de Boulogne. Moist trails led them around a lake where flashes of pumpkin and cream through the dark, unleaved trees resolved themselves into narrow rowboats tied in a drift against blustery

said calmly one evening at a dinner given by a French sports-shoe representative, an elegant and fashionable man named Jacques.

"Comment?" he said. "Qu'est-ce que c'est barracuda?"

"Jaws," said Benoit. "La grande poisson. You're going to get it."

The marked man remained puzzled, but Shea later revealed the nature of his fate when she whispered, "It's time to leave a party quick when Joanie starts biting people on the bottom."

Meanwhile, the American men sustained their morale with encouraging workouts in the spacious French National Training Center near the Château de Vincennes, with tours of museums

THE PARISIAN WHIRL

Craig Virgin made short work of the tough Longchamp course to win the world cross-country championship

by KENNY MOORE

March winds. They continued up Avenue Foch to the Arc de Triomphe, that remaining substance of Napoleon's ambition, buoyed by the style of Paris, but Groos for one felt that the city's urbanité was at odds with the *féroce* necessary to cover rough country faster than anyone else in the world. Indeed, as she and Goodall ran in their rustling rain suits, befurred and coiffed Parisian matrons twice stepped from their path and hissed with disdain, "Les enfants." And when they went to use the exercise equipment in a brassy spa, they were ejected for being in shorts; all respectable women were required to wear tights.

Perhaps in reaction, Benoit spoke darkly of a practice for which she is feared in knowledgeable circles. "The barracuda may strike after the race," she



No barrier was high enough to stop Craig Virgin from becoming the first U.S. man to win the title

and with leisurely French dinners in the Latin Quarter, at which the themes of the day were discussed.

"If you are what you eat," said MacDonald, "stay away from the turtle soup and the escargots."

"If this Beaujolais gets better," said Don Clary, "I will end up sleeping in the Arbogast."

This time when a nearby table of Parisiennes began to look edgy, Arbogast scooted his chair over and took up the cause of diplomacy with a cashmere-wrapped strawberry blonde. Amazingly, he was successful.

The only regret was that Craig Virgin, the winner of the U.S. men's trials, was not yet in Paris to enjoy the preface idyll. He had recently founded a consulting firm and was in Germany speaking with a shoe manufacturer. An ambitious man, comfortable with the ways of pro-

motion, Virgin is intent on taking full advantage of his success, and thus differs somewhat from the balance of the team, for whom the camaraderie of such a trip and the competition itself are reward enough. While not resentful, Virgin's forceful drive gave rise to wishes that he relax a little. Virgin himself admits to feeling "pulled at" by the demands of running and business, but says, "I've been training really hard. Let's let this race decide if I'm holding together."

European cross-country is notorious for its treacherous ground and daunting barriers. In Paris, uncertainty about such conditions mounted because the French authorities permitted none of the runners onto the course, which was laid out over the famed Longchamp Hippodrome, until the day before the race. Thus all the contenders found themselves testing the thick green turf together.

Above them the great white wings of a four-tiered grandstand rose over the long final stretch of 600 meters. The tip of the Eiffel Tower peeked above the Bois from across the Seine, but all eyes were upon the ground.

"A bit of grass, that," said Nick Rose, who had run away with the English championships. "We should get a lawn mower and go to work." The rougher the better, thought Ireland's John Treacy, who had won the race over heavy, cloying mud the last two years, as had Norway's Grete Waitz the women's division. Waitz was, as usual, nervous in anticipation, mentioning the fitness of the Soviets, wondering if the long grass would endanger her ankles. Eventually she confessed to feeling stronger than ever. A month before in Tampa, she had set a world record of 48:01 for 15 kilometers. continued





England's Rose set the pace, but wilted in the stretch

three minutes better than Benoit's old mark.

Soon it was found that the exploring runners' feet were pressing the turf into a firm path near the rail, a condition that seemed to favor the superior track racers. The three barriers on every lap of 2,450 meters, usually formidable constructions in French races, had been lowered to a mere two feet. "Not very European," said Don Clary, an 8:26.8 steeplechaser who had been hoping for killing jumps. "More like our golf course races that Europeans bid-mouth all the time."

While the competitors jogged and schemed, team officials gathered at the rail. Talk inevitably turned to the U.S. position against taking part in the Moscow Olympics so long as the Soviet Union occupies Afghanistan. The most striking observation for the Americans was that the Europeans did not appear to take President Carter seriously. The International Amateur Athletic Federation would hold a council meeting in the days following the cross-country championships, and the New York Road Runners Club president, Fred Lebow, would be

there to bid on staging the 1984 races at New York's Belmont Park. "I spoke with nine members of the council about Carter's position," he said. "Eight of them said, 'Moscow will go on. The U.S. will be there.'"

Two days later, having received a signal from Carter requesting that the track-and-field governing body assist, or at least not oppose, the organizing of an alternative international games in late August, after the Moscow Olympics, the IAAF tabled consideration of the matter until a meeting in Rome in early June. Because even at this late date, work needs to be started immediately—or not at all—on an alternative competition, the IAAF tactics were clearly to delay, and so pressure the U.S. back into the Olympic fold, which seems highly unlikely now that the Soviets appear to be digging in for a long stay in Afghanistan.

Thus the possibility seemed acute that for the American runners, these races would be the only world championships open to them this year. But the unpleasantness of this dawning fact seemed to fade against the colorful mingling of sweat suits, languages, old friends. The scene at Longchamp embodied both the glory and the weakness of amateur athletes. Choosing to live in an enclosed world of immediacy and performance, they are at once untouchably free and eternally pawns. Their world is defined in the quality of the race, and all three events in Paris were memorable.

On the second Sunday in March, 25,000 Parisians turned out to watch humans, not horses, enjoy the Longchamp course. The junior men (19 and under) led off the card, running 7,400 meters. That field displayed its youth in the first quarter-mile, blazing off at a destructive pace. As the first of the skyrockets, which went up every kilometer to mark the leaders' progress, drifted to earth, Ed Eyestone, an 18-year-old freshman at Brigham Young, was in 20th place. "Guys were dying all around me already from the fast start," he said later. "I got to the outside and started picking them off." As at the 1979 championships in Limerick, swarms of spectators ran onto the course, pressing against the inside rail. At the

end of the day the barrier would be bent and uprooted. "Somebody had a German shepherd, and it took a nip at a Russian guy in front of me," said Eyestone. "I moved out a little." Behind Eyestone, California's Tom Downs and Stanford's Bill Graham were working through the field. They finished third, fifth and 11th, respectively, behind the winner, Jorge Garcia of Spain. Eric Sappenfield of Santa Barbara (Calif.) High School was 56th, giving the U.S. team a total of 75 points, second to the U.S.S.R.'s 50.

Farther back, UCLA's Farron Fields went down. Later, Duncan Macdonald gave this account: "Two minutes before the start of the senior men's race, [Assistant Manager] John Chew ran up and said one of our jammers had collapsed with a tendon injury and was taken to an ambulance, where his Achilles tendon was seceded. Then someone noticed he had no blood pressure. He was taken to the hospital unconscious and with his pupils dilated, not a good sign at all." Distracted and running with a queasy stomach, Macdonald finished his race in 104th and rushed to the hospital. "The first thing I saw above Farron's bed was this X ray. It showed a florid pulmonary edema.

"Is that his X ray?" I asked an attendant."

"Oh, yes, that is his."

"Sweet Jesus!"

"Then I looked at Farron and he was pinching a nurse. So I went back to the X ray and saw from the bone condition that it had to be that of an 80-year-old man." To protect the nurses, Macdonald got Fields released.

Belying all her fears, or turning them to energy, Waitz destroyed the women's field. Her pitgails flying rhythmically in time with her stride, she ran as if the lumpy sod were a fairway, winning by almost 300 meters. A year ago, the deep Soviet team had tried to stay with her and had been run off its feet, to be overtaken by the Americans. This time Irina Bondarchuk, Elena Sipatova, Giana Romanova and Svetlana Ulmasova let Waitz go and easily mastered the rest of the world, finishing 2-3-4-6. Only Merrill broke the Soviet ranks, with a strong fifth. The U.S. women would have benefited from a longer race than 4,550 meters, as Groos (10th), Shea (13th), Brenda Webb (21st) and Benoit (26th) were still coming on at the end. Their 49 points—the first four finishers counted—were the same as England's. The tie was broken

continued

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on the strength of England's fourth woman, Ruth Smith, finishing two places ahead of Webb.

As he warmed up for the men's 11,580 meters, Virgin knew that in its 77-year history no American had ever won this most difficult of races. "But you have to shoot for the stars to hit the moon," he had told Ellison Goodall earlier. "You have to try to just get a medal."

Position is everything in a field of 190 men, so it was no wonder there was a false start. It was controlled by the officials with arresting ropes. The starter then fired the gun before everybody was reorganized. Virgin was facing the wrong way when the cavalry charge began. "I got tripped and stumbled along on the verge of falling," he said later, "when two hands grabbed me—I don't know whose—and held me up. By that time I was sealed inside the pack."

The leaders, eight abreast, covered the first uphill 800 meters in 2:02. As they swung into the stretch of the first of the race's five laps, Providence College's Danny Dillon was in the lead. "Last year I got left and never even smelted the leaders," he would say. "This year was going to be different." But not for long, as Rose surged to the front.

Climbing the backstretch hill on the second lap, Rose opened up powerfully, and quickly gained 30 meters on defending champion Treacy in second.

Virgin had worked up to 25th. "On the second lap I made one hard surge that got me around a big clot of people," he said. "I could see the leader out there, but at first it didn't register who he was." Rose's hair is shorter and his torso more muscular than when he ran for Western Kentucky four years ago. At the end of two laps, Rose seemed in control, gradually lengthening his lead over Leon Schots of Belgium, the 1977 champion Virgin was now ninth.

"In the third lap I made it to the front pack," said Virgin. "Alex Antipov [of the U.S.S.R.] was there and Schots. I ran with them for a while, and suddenly I realized that while I had been gaining ground on Rose before, now I wasn't. I thought, 'This is ridiculous.' So I said 'Excusez-moi' and went after him."

Virgin cut Rose's lead from 40 meters to 20 on the fourth lap, but on the downhill leading into the stretch he had to chop his steps before a barrier, while Rose sailed over in stride. With a lap to go, Rose looked weary, but Virgin was

no longer gaining on the Englishman.

"On the last backstretch not only was Rose pulling away, but I could sense the German [Hans-Jürgen Orthmann] and Belgian [Leon Schots] right behind me and I thought, 'I'm in danger of getting beaten out of the medals.'"

With 900 meters to run, Rose was driving with his arms, using all he had. "I just thought about winning," he said later. "Only winning." At the top of the long stretch Orthmann was in second and gaining. He passed Rose with 350 meters to go.

Virgin was still 10 meters back. "I could see them right there battling it out with what seemed a ways left to go," he said. "I had two thoughts: I've got to time my sprint, and, hell, all the magazines say I've got no sprint. Well, sometimes it's there and sometimes it's not."

Virgin got past Rose 150 meters out, and about that time Orthmann began to stuff. Sprinting freely, Virgin seized the lead for the first time with 70 meters to run and crossed the line with an exultant bound. "I realized my dream had come true. I was winded, but the excitement was so great that all I could think of was wanting to run back up the stretch and let everybody know who won."

Which the 24-year-old from Lebanon, Ill. did, trembling with glee, as Orthmann and Rose slumped in the chute.

"Reminds me of the 1973 NCAAs," said Rose when he could speak, recalling the race in which Steve Prefontaine made up 80 yards on him in the last three miles to win at the end. "People will say if I'd started slower I'd have won, but if I'd started slower it wouldn't be me."

Rose had led the English to the team title with 100 points. The U.S. was a surprising second with 163, as Mark Anderson of Colorado was 48th, Clary of the University of Oregon 43rd, Plasencia of Minneapolis 36th and Ken Martin, who'd had to argue with Bill Dellinger, his coach at the University of Oregon, to be allowed to go to Paris, a sparkling 23rd and Dillon 12th.

Virgin was mobbed when the police turned loose the crowd—hardly patrician bou-

levardiers, these—to swarm around at the award ceremony. "I have some sympathy for rock stars now," he said after crossing the finish line through a gauntlet of several hundred people seriously trying to tear his clothes off.

Later, at a champagne bash, Virgin watched the multinational swirl on the dance floor, which included even 78-year-old IAAF President Adriaan Pauken. Again, Virgin's thoughts turned to the thoughts of others. "I wonder if the people back home will ever be able to fully appreciate this," he said. "Here I've been exposed to 50 million Europeans on TV today, but in my own country I'm sure I'll only draw modest attention." To many runners that would be a source of relief, but Virgin seemed concerned.

Much, much later, as the U.S. team wound down its celebration of its best-ever performance, Goodall held the unsuspecting Monsieur Jacques' overcoat. Benoit, teeth bared, darted in. Jacques experienced, as he put it, "a mortification of the flesh."

"La Grande Poisson was a success," said Goodall. "But we at least know that the real big fish today was Craig Virgin. And in the biggest pond of all, too." **END**



The long arm of the law embraced three-time winner Wally

Not even the BBC, the masters of high drama in England, could have come up with a better final scene. It wouldn't have dared. The whole event lacked understatement and reserve, two national treasures, and that would never do. But on Sunday in, of all places, Las Vegas, the famed British sangfroid disappeared.

First there was the closing melee in the 15th round, with the world middleweight champion, Vito Antuofermo, and English challenger Alan Minter slugging it out. And then the bell ringing and the

handlers scrambling into the ring and hoisting their fighters on their shoulders. Each thinking he had won, the fighters held their hands aloft, making the traditional "V" for victory sign. Then came the announcer's voice, almost drowned out by the noisy crowd, proclaiming that Minter, by a split decision, was the new undisputed middleweight champion of the world. And there was Minter, momentarily overwhelmed, dropping to his knees and bursting into tears. As a final touch, at least 1,000 Englishmen stood

in the Sports Pavilion at Caesars Palace—5,200 miles from the pubs of London and Liverpool—some singing "Alan Meen-tah, Alan Meen-tah, we'll support you evermore. . . ." Others were waving Union Jacks and chanting the name of their light-foot lad from Crawley, in Sussex—"Meen-tah! Meen-tah! Meen-tah!"

Alan Minter thus became only the third Englishman ever to hold the middleweight crown (Randy Turpin beat Sugar Ray Robinson for the title in 1951 and Terry Downes stopped Paul Pender in the ninth round in 1961).

Minter and his cornermen used two code terms to remind themselves of their strategy for beating Antuofermo—"CB" for clever boxing and "CA" for controlled aggression. And that, in broadest terms, is what Minter used to defeat Antuofermo, who was making the second defense of his title. Through guile and grit and using his skills as a boxer to decisive effect, the 28-year-old southpaw took charge early, kept the champion off balance, controlled most of the fight and recaptured the initiative when it seemed that Antuofermo had seized it from him in the middle rounds.

Although the thousand-odd Englishmen were in an uproar when the decision was announced, Antuofermo was stunned and silent—"What can I say?"—and many others were at least mildly surprised and arguing into the wee hours over who the real winner was and why. The official scoring was no help. In fact, it only fueled the dispute. The three judges, presumably observing the same fight, came to conclusions so sharply divergent that they might as well have judged it sitting under the ring, listening to footsteps.

Antuofermo, 28, is a survivor, an infighting body puncher who pressures and pursues an opponent, and he is not a man whose work can be easily judged. He won the title last June 30 on a split decision, beating Hugo Corro in Monte Carlo, and in the first defense of his title in Las Vegas last November, he just gained a draw against Marvin Hagler, a decision widely and hotly disputed.

So the fight on Sunday had familiar echoes, though Antuofermo was beaten

continued

'CB' plus 'CA' spelled 'V'

Obedient to the code of his corner for 'clever boxing' and 'controlled aggression,' England's Alan Minter beat Vito Antuofermo for the middleweight championship



Minter scores with a hard right to take some of the steam out of Antuofermo's pressure tactics

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1860

TODAY

this time. For most of the early rounds, throwing a left off his right jab, Minter kept Antuofermo at bay. The champion charged and bulled, trying to get inside, where he does his best work, but there the attacks would end. Repeatedly the two men wound up in a hunching embrace, with Referee Carlos Padilla, who had no vote in the decision under Nevada rules, stepping in to break them.

"The referee wouldn't let me fight," Antuofermo complained. "Any time I got on top of him, the referee grabbed me. With Hagler I was able to fight on top because the referee let me fight."

"I had to break them," Padilla said. "There should be no holding, no clinching, only hitting. What they were doing was not infighting. Infighting is not holding." With his inside attack weakened, and Minter sticking with the jab and popping hard lefts, Antuofermo had trouble getting off effective combinations.

Both men bleed easily and freely, but this was not the bloodbath many had expected. And neither man was ever in serious trouble. Antuofermo dropped Minter—the only knockdown in the fight, in the 14th round—with one of his infrequent left-right combinations, but it appeared as much a slip as a decking, and the embarrassed Minter was quickly on his feet, unhurt.

Under the 10-point-must system, Judge Charles Minker of Las Vegas scored the fight 144-141 for Minter, giving him nine rounds with one a draw. Ladislav Sanchez of Venezuela scored it for Antuofermo, 145-143, with four rounds even, while Judge Roland Dakin of England had it 149-137, giving all but one round, the 14th, to his countryman, with one round even. It was Dakin's scoring that caused the most furor.

Dakin himself took the fuss calmly. "Nonsense," he said, adding, "If it hadn't been for my scorecard in Monte Carlo, Antuofermo would not have been the champion. I was the deciding judge when he beat Corro. Didn't argue about that one, did he?"

The scoring gave rise to an age-old issue in boxing with the head of the World Boxing Council, José Sulaimán, jumping into the fray and calling for closer scrutiny in picking officials and clearer guidelines in the judging of fights.

None of this perturbed Minter, however. "It was a hell of a fight," he told Antuofermo when they met outside the ring. "You're a great fighter."

For the moment, Minter basked in his new celebrity, though he seemed curiously subdued. He sensed a winding down. What he had done was just beginning to dawn on him. "You dream of this day, and after it's all happened it's like an ordinary fight, isn't it?" he said. "I'm happy, so happy. I can't put it into words. But I don't show it, do I? I will."

With his wife Lorraine clutching Minter's new belt—his championship belt—he left the arena and strolled through the hotel lobby to the cheers of his countrymen. They had come from all over England, some of them friends and acquaintances, many of them not, and during the days before the fight they had gambled at the tables, lined up three deep at the bars, trooped through the casino wearing top hats papered with the Union Jack and sang their pub songs. Now they were reveling in the victory, reaching out to shake Minter's hand—"You've done us proud, lad!"—and patting him on the back. He had heard their cries and shouts between each round, heard the chant of "Meeen-tah!"

"When you're tired and have to dig down to find some more, the boost helps you dig," he said. "And rise. Know what I mean?"

He rose high enough on Sunday, higher than he ever had since the time his father first took him to an amateur boxing club in Crawley, when he was 11. "From the day I took him there, that was it," said his father, Sid Minter, a bear-sized man who runs the Linden Club, an afternoon drinking spot, in the town of Brighton. "First fight he got a hammerin', but he learned."

Minter learned chiefly from the owner of the amateur club, Doug Bidwell, for whom he has fought all his life. Not only is he Minter's trainer/manager, but his father-in-law as well. Minter married Bidwell's daughter five years ago. And together they own a restaurant, called Minter's, in Crawley, a town of about 67,500 some 30 miles south of London. The restaurant is something of a historic landmark. It was built as a Jesuit abbey in 1150, and until 18 years ago it still housed some of the secrets and riches of the order. "They tore off the roof one day to strengthen it," says Minter. "They looked down and found chapels behind the fireplace. They also found money, pots and drinking goblets." But it was boxing, not business, that first brought

Minter and Bidwell together and has kept them together through the years.

Bidwell trained Minter through a distinguished amateur career, in which he won 90 of 112 fights, 16 of the victories while representing England in international competition. It culminated when he won a bronze medal in the 1972 Olympics in Munich. Since turning pro in October 1972 he has won 38 of 44 fights, 22 by knockout, and lost five. One ended in a "no contest" in the second round. "I got disqualified for not giving my best," he says. That was in 1974 against Jan Magdziarz.

"There have been some ups and downs," Minter says. "Some people wrote me off after that. I was also beginning to get hurt in fights. But I carried on and I carried on." And he brought himself back up. A year after the disqualification, Minter fulfilled an old dream by winning the British middleweight title, beating Kevin Finnegan over 15 rounds. He won the European title three years ago when he knocked out Germano Valeschi in Milan in five. "My ambition after turning professional was to win the British title," he says. "I did that. Then it was to win the European title. I did that." And then, by simple elimination, it was to win the world title. The quest left him a saddening legacy to live with. On July 19, 1978, he knocked out Angelo Jacupucci in the 12th round of their European title fight; the next day Jacupucci died as a result of a brain injury. But Minter came back from that, too. He has fought hard to stay ranked and to be regarded as one of the best middleweights in the world. He had been among the best for several years—a tough, wily boxer with sharp, crisp punches—when he got his shot at Antuofermo. It was what he had been fighting for. "Not so much the money," he says. "Basically, to me, it's the glory. Know what I mean? It's being recognized. You're somebody."

This somebody knew his day had come when, while in Las Vegas to see the Antuofermo-Hagler fight, he got a chance to sit and talk with Vito. "I think you'll beat Hagler," Minter told him. Antuofermo looked at him and smiled. "That means there'll be me and you," he said.

For an hour on Sunday, it was just those two in the Sports Pavilion at Caesars. But in the final scene, to lusty chants and song and the waving of the Union Jack, there was just one.

END

Split sail, split-second victory

The Congressional Cup was decided by a torn spinnaker and the blink of an eye

Last Saturday afternoon in the waters off Long Beach, Calif., Howard Thompson, a salty Southern Californian, spent two hours stirring about below-decks in his handsome new ocean racer, *Pokal*. By the rules of the Congressional Cup, the prestigious match-racing competition in which *Pokal* was taking part, owner Thompson or someone representing him had to be aboard but could not assist in sailing the boat in any way other than to put his weight wherever the helmsman wanted it. Because Thompson has been sailing for three decades, he needed no instruction. On upwind legs, when tactician Lewis Wake called out a tack to helmsman Dennis Durgan, in light air Thompson automatically moved to the low side; in heavy air, to the high side. On broad reaches Thompson stood dead center; on flat runs, slightly to leeward.

When *Pokal* had her rival nearly abeam or when a rival was trailing on a leeward leg, Thompson could peer out the portholes or the companionway to see how his craft was faring. Most often he could only guess her position by the clatter and banging, the propriety of the language being used and the tempo of the tacking. By the time *Pokal* came within 300 yards of the finish line of her final race on Saturday, the tempo of the tacking had increased to the point where Thompson was moving from port to starboard and back like a flock of spit on a hot griddle. In that race—the 44th of the 45 sailed by the 10 skippers in the Congressional—helmsman Durgan beat his rival, a rookie competitor named Ron Dougherty, by two-fifths of a second, and by so doing successfully defended his Cup title.

The Congressional Cup began 16 years ago as a local affair with lofty ambitions. Very few of the 10 skippers competing each spring came from further away than Northern California, and even when tal-

ent was attracted from more distant waters, the local boys kept winning so consistently that a founder of the event, Don Leedom, recalls, "We worried about the long-term viability of it. It got so I was praying for an outsider to take it."

Leedom's concern, though seemingly logical, actually was not, because logic has never played a large part in the unbounded zeal of racing sailors. The America's Cup has always been successfully defended, yet quixotic challengers keep coming to tilt again. And for much the same reason, the Congressional Cup now attracts skippers from the world round to try the match-race game in Southern California, where it is played by the very best. The Congressional has been won only once by an outsider. In 1977 Ted Turner, the full-voiced Lo-chanvar, came riding out of the Southeast to take the Cup on his eighth quest.

In all but three of the competitions staged to date, the boat sailed by the contestants was a Cal-40, a remarkable design that, before production was stopped in 1971, won the overall title on the Southern Ocean Racing Conference twice and the Transpac three times. In the early years of the Congressional, skippers and crews were allowed to tinker with the hulls loaned them and to use a variety of sails, but in the 'past decade the Long Beach Yacht Club, which sponsors the event, offered craft that were almost identical in configuration, displacement and sailpower. Despite the equality, the Southern Californians kept on winning, and no one can truly say why. It may be in their diet. It may be in their genes.

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gressional Cup because they do more match racing—a point well made, although it is fast losing validity. Others say it is the Californians' familiarity with the Cal-40 and with their home waters. This year's contest and other recent events indicate otherwise. Six years ago the Royal Lyngby Yacht Club of England started a match-race series virtually identical to the Congressional. Two Southern Californians—Dick Deaver, who won the Congressional in 1976 and 1978, and Durgan—were invited to try for the Lyngby Cup last spring. Skippering unfamiliar hulls in English waters, they placed first and third, respectively. Two years ago France started a similar event, called the Coupe des Skippers. In his only try for it in 1978, Deaver won in a hull he had never sailed before.

Because the Cal-40s, over the years, were gradually passing out of the hands of the enthusiasts who loaned them to the Congressional, and because the boats were being altered in half a dozen ways that made it difficult to round up 10 that were reasonably equal, several years ago the Long Beach Yacht Club began casting about for a replacement. Frank Butler, designer, proprietor and president of Catalina Yachts, came up with the Catalina 38, a design that in gross proportions was similar to the Cal-40 but different in configuration and performance. Long Beach sailors bought the boats with a mind to racing them as a class and also lending them to the yacht club for use in the Congressional. Because the Catalina 38 is highly restricted, the Long Beach Yacht Club got boats that were far more equal than the aging Cal-40s. The Catalina foats higher and goes along well in a line, but it is not so nimble and quick, and could not engage as spectacularly as the Cal-40 in the pre-start maneuvering.

Rod Davis, a 24-year-old sailmaker who represented the Long Beach Yacht Club at the Congressional, observed before the series, "With the Catalina, there won't be any of that mad circling. On a Cal-40, the helmsman could tie the tiller over and go below and have lunch while the crew worked to keep the boat spinning in circles. On the Catalina you can't do that. It's a whole new learning process, and the old hands

have got just as much to learn as I do."

To judge by last week's results, Southern Californians would keep on winning if the Congressional were sailed in Cal-40s, Catalina 38s, lapstrake catamarans or pine coffins. After two days of racing, Davis led the field with a win-loss record of 6-1, beating two of his fellow Californians, Deaver and Dougherty, and losing only to Turner. In Davis' first race

really hated it," he said last week. "It's a big yelling match between crews."

Despite his distaste, Dougherty entered the Pacific Match Racing Championships and beat six rivals for the right to compete in the Congressional. He thereupon went about proving his distaste by losing to almost everyone he should have beaten, and winning over two of the three superstars, Deaver and

Turner. In his match against the third superstar, Durgan on Pokai, he lost the start (where most of the yelling occurs), trailed by 13 seconds at the first leeward mark, then out-tacked Durgan all the way up the second windward leg to lead by 22 seconds. Dougherty still had 19 seconds at the last leeward rounding, but lost in the 20-tack duel that had owner Thompson dancing around belowdecks on Pokai. To knock off two superstars and lose by two-fifths of a second to the third is not bad at all for a man who has no taste for the game.

Although in the past 10 years they have been outnumbered 2 to 1 by outsiders, Southern Californians have now won the Cup nine times. In that same decade 11 foreigners from five countries have tried, and only one of them, Hugh Trehame, a blue-water skipper from Australia, has finished better than fifth. While the Southern Californians seem to be forging ahead,

the rest of the world appears at best to be holding its own. Last year Harold Cudmore, a globe-trotting Irishman who won the Lyngby Cup in '78, finished fifth; last week he was sixth. In his first Congressional in 1977, Pelle Petersson of Sweden tied for sixth. Returning last week with the cadre of the crew he will use in his 1980 America's Cup campaign, Petersson tied for seventh. In his first try last year, Bruno Troublé, helmsman for the French in the America's Cup this summer, came in ninth; this year he tied for seventh. Jim Hardy, who will be skippering his third America's Cup boat for Australia this summer, finished 10th in his Congressional Cup debut, winning only two of his nine races.

If the grand game of match racing as practiced in California has gotten into the blood of a lot of faraway sailors, most of them still appear to be unemic for lack of winning.

END



Newport Beach's Durgan hoists one to his 4-second win.

of the final day, he beat Durgan at the start and led by three seconds at the first windward mark. In the heat of the moment, both fouled their spinnakers. Durgan's hourglass on him, Davis' snarled with the genoa and caught on a jib bank, ripping halfway across a center panel seam. That cost him the title. At the first leeward mark he was 29 seconds behind, and he never got it back. In matches won and lost, Davis actually tied Durgan 7-2, but by the rules, in the case of such a tie, the Cup goes to the man who beat the other in their head-to-head match.

Deaver and Turner had equal records of 6-3. Because he beat Deaver in their head-to-head match, Turner took third, thereby spoiling a California sweep of the first three places. The fourth California skipper, sailmaker Ron Dougherty of Newport Beach, crewed in the Congressional Cup eight years ago, but did not like the flavor of it and swore off. "I

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Old horseplayer Jack has a bargain in Jaklin

The morning sun was beginning to warm Clocker's Corner, that area near the stretch curve at Santa Anita where owners, trainers, jockeys and hundreds of fans gather each racing day for breakfast, to argue the relative merits of horses, discuss upcoming stakes and tell whopping lies to each other. Jack Klugman, the TV actor, was seated at a table on the terrace there late last week, a soft blue hat tilted down to shade his eyes. Klugman is famous for playing Oscar Madison, the sportswriter, in the long-running (and rerunning) series *The Odd Couple*, and for Quincy, in which he portrays Dr. Quincy, the forensic-medicine specialist who solves complicated crimes almost as quickly as Oscar dirties up a clean apartment.

"People might not believe me when I say that this colt has changed my whole

The odd couple: a hot tip

Jaklin Klugman, a he not a she, and his actor-owner are an early Derby parlay

life," Klugman said, "but it's the absolute truth. Nothing ever had such an impact on me. This horse has brought me immense joy and tranquility at a time when I needed such a thing and thought I would never find it."

The colt Klugman was talking about is Jaklin Klugman, a 3-year-old that has the racing world in a buzz from Santa Anita to Aqueduct. A male horse despite his name, Jaklin is one of the early favorites for the Kentucky Derby and one of the top classic prospects based in the West. Most racing buffs, being sturdy traditionalists, find it hard to credit the record of this nondescript gray colt. By Nobody out of Nothing, as the putdown goes, Jaklin has turned out to be Something Very Special.

Within a recent nine-day period Jaklin Klugman convincingly defeated the West Coast's top 2-year-old of last year, The Carpenter, at Santa Anita, then was shipped to northern California and won the \$154,500 California Derby at Golden Gate Fields. This victory was accomplished only after Jaklin overcame a vast amount of early trouble in the race and put on a determined stretch drive to win by a head over Doonesbury, who had never lost at Golden Gate. Furthermore, Jaklin had heretofore never shown he could come from behind. The colt has now won six of eight starts, handled a variety of conditions at four different tracks (Hollywood Park, Bay Meadows, Santa Anita and Golden Gate), earned \$185,050 and gotten miffy speed ratings that

impress even speed-crazed Californians.

"You can look at two million horses like Jaklin Klugman," says Loren Retelle, the trainer of Golden Act, one of last season's big horses, "and not a one will be able to run like that thing." Laz Barrera, who trained Affirmed, stood by the rail at Santa Anita one morning and watched Jaklin come on the track. "The first time I saw this horse," he said, "I thought it was a rat that escaped out of the trap. In the last few years we have had great horses like Secretariat, Seattle Slew, Affirmed, Alydar, Bold Forbes and Spectacular Bid. Now we got something nobody knows what it is. We got a boy horse with a girl's name. But this thing is a freak, a horse that outruns its bloodlines. I don't know the way this horse was named, and I got a feeling I'm far better off not knowing it."

Here's how. Laz, in August 1974 Klugman and his partner, John Dominguez, a landscaper now living in Sepulveda, Calif., claimed a filly named The End All at Del Mar Racetrack. During the race, The End All broke down and was never able to run again. The claim cost the partnership \$12,500, and neither Klugman nor Dominguez knew what to do with The End All. "We couldn't have gotten \$1,000 for her," Klugman says, "but Riley [trainer Riley Cofer] felt sorry for us and said if we wanted to breed her to Orbit Ruler he would give us the stud service free." At the time Orbit Ruler, who stands at Chino, about half an hour from Santa Anita, commanded the very modest stud fee of \$300.

That first mating produced a filly Klugman-Dominguez named Dr. Quincy. It ran six times and won one race and \$8,650, hardly an auspicious issue for sire and dam, but K-D tried again. On May 3, 1977 a second mating of Orbit Ruler and The End All yielded the gray colt—Jaklin Klugman—and, in truth, early looks offered no reason to think he'd prove any better than Dr. Quincy.

Klugman has told several stories about the naming of the colt, this one the most consistently: "I got a phone call telling me we had a filly, so we named it Jaklin Klugman. I guess we spelled it that way

continued

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only because we wanted to, and all it's done is make a lot of people wonder and ask us about the spelling. It sounded O.K. I don't have any relatives named Jaklin. Later, when I found out it was a colt, I called the farm and told them that the next time they had a foal to turn it over before they told me what it was."

At the Friar's Club, or in any other show-biz place, the story was good. It played. Up in Chino, however, it doesn't play so good. Says Ray Coffman, the general manager of the J. K. Housch Thorougbred Farm, where Jaklin Klugman was bred, foaled and broken, "I never called Mr. Klugman when the colt was foaled. Until this year I never talked to or met Mr. Klugman. But we certainly never told him that a colt was a filly. Since I've met Mr. Klugman this year, I've grown to like him very much. He loves his horse and he comes up all the time to see Orbit Ruler and The End All."

Whatever the sequence of events that led to his name, Jaklin Klugman didn't impress folks around Chino, who thought he was something less than mediocre as a yearling. "He was O.K.," says Scott Coffman, Ray's son, "but you couldn't ever think he'd turn out to be what he is now."

The first time Klugman saw Jaklin was at a schooling race at Hollywood Park that spring. "He ran like the wind," Klugman says, "and when I saw that he was really good, I broke down and cried. I'm an actor and I can cry on cue. But the way the horse ran made me cry. Probably for a lot of reasons. Maybe it was the broken-down claiming mare and the free service that we had to Orbit Ruler. Hell, it was really much more than that."

What brought Klugman to tears, he adds, was not only the performance of the horse but also Klugman's relationship with Dominguez. "I first went to a race-track when I was 16 years old," Klugman says. "I had been betting sports since I was probably 3, but I went to Garden State and bet a horse at 16. Twenty dollars. Hell, I didn't have more than \$20. I had seen enough movies to realize that if you bet 20 bucks you would win a house. The horse I bet on won, and I went to the cashier's window and gave the guy my hat and told him to put the money in it. I thought I'd get a bundle. I got \$44. But it hooked me. After that I went to all the racetracks in the East.

"About 18 years ago I wasn't doing



Raise a Man, here leading, won the San Felipe and joined Jaklin as best of the West's colts

very good as an actor, and I'd go to Santa Anita or Hollywood Park and buy a \$1 seat. I'm a bad horseplayer. Always have been. I sit and bet my horses and tap out. I would see this other guy [he turned out to be Dominguez] at the track every day, and he would bet and do pretty good. But he would never show it. All we had was a nodding relationship. He was in the \$1 seats, too. He was making \$7,000 a year, and I was living mostly on hope."

Klugman started to get some acting work, but he still went to the racetrack regularly and bought his \$1 seat. "One day," he says, "I completely tapped out on the card early. I was going out of the track when John came over and asked, 'Are you in trouble?' I said I was. 'Take \$50,' said Dominguez. 'Supposing I take the \$50 and never show?' I said."

Dominguez handed over the \$50, and after that, says Klugman, "We sat next to each other all the time. I'm a proven rotten horseplayer. He's a great one. We began to be very, very close. His business picked up and so did mine, but we still went to the track alone and would meet up. We began to dream children's dreams about buying horses. All we wanted was a few claiming horses. We never thought about allowance horses. A stakes horse was far beyond us."

No longer. "Anybody who happens to be good enough to be in the talent in-

dustry knows that it will eventually wear a person down," said Klugman last week. "I've worked a lot of five-day weeks at 21 hours a day, either doing things or being on call. I've got the horse now and the money, but the horse is what matters. The most difficult thing for anyone is to make it in the talent industry, but the worst thing possible is not knowing how to escape from it for a single moment. After Jaklin Klugman, I'll have other horses. He got me out of the talent trap."

A week from now Klugman and Dominguez will put up a \$5,000 supplemental fee to start their horse in the Santa Anita Derby, in which Jaklin will meet Raise a Man, the brilliant winner of last Saturday's \$109,300 San Felipe Handicap. Bill Shoemaker, the jockey of Raise a Man, maintains that his colt is also an oddball. Raise a Man is smallish, 15 hands, 13 inches, and missed his 2-year-old season because of bucked shins, but he certainly looked good in the San Felipe when he eased away from The Carpenter for his third win in four starts. Shoemaker has spent the winter looking for a horse with the potential to win the Triple Crown, the one achievement in racing that has eluded him.

"I know my horse can run like hell," Shoe said last Saturday evening, "and I know he should get better. Yes, he's a freak. But so is Jaklin Klugman." **END**

Whither the Raiders?

The move to L.A. was vetoed by the NFL, but they're not taking no for an answer

To the west, a bare, gray hill stands guard over Marriott's Rancho Las Palmas Resort in Rancho Mirage, Calif., and on the side of the hill a single word is scratched in gigantic letters: GOD. The hotel corridors are lined with books, but when you reach up to take one, no dice: they're all glued together. It was in this sun-roasted citadel of learning, under God, that the National Football League fought to preserve its constitution, its way of life, last week.

The five days of the NFL's annual meetings had one central focus: the control of a rebel. Al Davis, the Oakland Raiders' managing general partner, who has been a burr in the saddle of the NFL and Commissioner Pete Rozelle for the better part of two decades, had ignored the league's constitution. On March 1 Davis, embroiled in a bitter feud over the Raiders' new lease with the Oakland-Alameda County Coliseum Commission, signed a memorandum of agreement with the Los Angeles Coliseum, thus moving his team to L.A. and officially confirming a rumor that had been bubbling since midsummer.

However, in doing so Davis hadn't conformed to Article IV, Section 4.3 of the NFL constitution, which calls for a three-fourths vote of the league's 28 clubs before one franchise can shift to another team's area—21 votes, minimum. When the owners voted last week, nine days after Davis had signed the agreement with L.A., there were 22 nays, five abstentions and one not present (the Raiders). The balloting ended the first day's business and rendered the rest of the week anticlimactic.

The normal business—the rule chang-

es, the talk of trades, one of which, Houston and Oakland-Los Angeles swapping quarterbacks Dan Pastorini and Kenny Stabler, was consummated Friday night—was overshadowed by the Al and Pete Show.

Six separate lawsuits, with more on the horizon, had people reeling, and suddenly the NFL had a new vocabulary—preliminary injunction, temporary restraining order, eminent domain. The Los Angeles Times sent a reporter with a law degree to cover the football meetings, but after two days he threw up his hands. "I see 13 more suits that could be filed," he said, "and I'm sure I'm missing a few."

And in his waterside suite overlooking the 5th hole on Rancho Las Palmas' West Course, Davis squinted into the sunshine and said, "Pete's managed to polarize these owners pretty good." Translation: Boy, do they hate me now.

All in all, the meetings had the makings of a two-act melodrama.

ACT I: Quick Injunctive Relief Can Now Be Yours: Cures Pain and Itch of Naggling Lawsuits.

Two years ago, when the Rams announced they would move in 1980 to Anaheim, which is 40 miles south by freeway, the L.A. Coliseum sued the NFL's 28 teams for antitrust violations. Nothing much happened until a live body, the Raiders, appeared to fill that prospective void in L.A. Then the L.A. Coliseum suit grew numbers—\$53 million. A federal district court judge in L.A. told the NFL it couldn't vote on Davis' move. That's called a preliminary injunction. Then a higher court in San Francisco told the NFL to forget what the L.A. judge said: the league could vote all it wanted to. That's called a stay.

Now everybody's trying to *continued*



Oakland owner Al Davis, who lifted weights when not pressing his case, denies he's an anarchist

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peel away the layers of paint—the stay, the injunction—to get to the fine-grained wood underneath: Lawsuit No. 1, the bugle, the L.A. Coliseum's antitrust action. When that happens, the Raiders will either go to L.A. or stay in Oakland. It could take a year, two years, who knows?

Lawsuit No. 2 is the NFL's Breach of Contract suit against the Raiders for moving to L.A. without the vote. A state judge told the Raiders they couldn't move, this was a temporary restraining order. The Raiders refused to be restrained, temporarily or otherwise, and they're moving. You can do that with a TRO—ignore it. On March 26 the NFL will try to toughen its TRO by moving it up to the injunction class.

Lawsuit No. 3 is a wild one. The city of Oakland is, in a broad way, trying to have the Raiders condemned, as you'd condemn a piece of land on which you want to build a road, then the city would take over the team by eminent domain. It has declared the Raiders a "public necessity," an action the Raiders' lawyer, Joseph Alioto, has declared "silly." TRO issued. TRO ignored. Hearing date—March 21. Other NFL owners are a little jumpy over this suit. Who would want his club taken over by a city?

Lawsuits 4, 5 and 6 are considered minor league action: an L.A. taxpayers' suit over the use of public funds for the recruitment of the Raiders, an action by some Oakland season-ticket holders; and a suit by two Oakland kids who say their Raider jerseys and helmets are worthless now. Make that last one a Little League action.

ACT II: Five Days That Shook the Desert, or Was It Really a Mirage at Rancho Mirage?

Monday. The afternoon and early evening are devoted to the Oakland Raiders. Small groups caucus in the morning. The Raider contingent is on the veranda in front of Davis' suite. Off to one side are Davis' barbells and his bench for bench-pressing.

"John Madden [the former Raider coach, who now acts as Director of Special Events] just called me from our Los Angeles office," Davis says. "He said that within five days we sold over 30,000 season tickets and 70 of the 99 luxury boxes. We have 10 phone lines. The first day we gave out the number, two minutes later all 10 lit up. Madden said, 'They just put this thing in and it blew already.'"



The Raiders set up temporary offices in an L.A. hotel and sold 30,000 season tickets in five days

Then he started picking up phones and someone was on each line." Davis is asked about the move. "I'm not for anarchy," he says. "I love the NFL. But I'll be damned if I'm going to let those Oakland Coliseum people hold me hostage."

In the main building, Pete Rozelle has ducked out of the meetings for a cigarette. He already looks tired—and it's only Monday. "Al says he's not for anarchy, and I'm sure he wants a stable league," Rozelle says. "He just wants anarchy for himself. I don't know why he didn't seek league support when he was having trouble over his lease with the politicians in Oakland, and I know his trouble was very legitimate then. I don't know why he didn't let the other owners know what was happening."

"When Bob Irsay [the owner of the Colts] had a problem in Baltimore I had a meeting with the governor and the mayor. That was on Oct. 31. They said they'd move on it. [Baltimore is staying put.] Same thing with Minnesota last year. A state senator was fighting the new stadium; he said the commissioner would never let Max Winter [the owner of the Vikings] leave. The Vikings are going to play in a new, domed stadium in 1982. There are ways of working these things out, and if you can't, then you go to the other owners. They know what stadium problems are like. But Al chose to do

things his own way. I guess the carrot was just too big down there in L.A."

Now the session is breaking for lunch. Jim Murray, the Eagles' general manager, emerges starry-eyed. "It was just in a three-man caucus with Art Rooney and George Halas," he says. "It was ... it was ... like hearing Mount Rushmore speak."

At 1:45 the heavy business begins—the report on the litigation and a report by a special five-man fact-finding committee that interviewed the Oakland Coliseum commissioners. Davis isn't present for the lawyers' part of it. "When a team is talking strategy," says New England owner Billy Sullivan, "you don't want the rival coach in the room."

Davis questions the role of the fact finders; he isn't impressed with the facts they have found. Rozelle asks Davis if he wishes to present a motion approving his transfer to L.A. No.

Speeches from the floor are in order. Finally it is George Halas' turn. He is 85 years old and walks with a cane. He had come in leaning heavily on an attendant who is always at his side. They ask him if he wants a microphone. He waves it away. He reminds the gathering of the NFL's long history. He mentions the 1922 Packers, who'd been caught using college players. He reaffirms the sanctity of the NFL constitution. The room is si-

continued

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lent. When he finishes, the time is right for a vote on the Raiders' move.

Chuck Sullivan, Billy's 37-year-old son and the Patriots' lawyer, proposes the motion. His brother-in-law is Alioto, 64, the lawyer suing the league for Davis. John Mecom of the Saints seconds the motion. Cleveland votes first. Nay. The rest of the clubs vote alphabetically. All nays, except for abstentions by Cincinnati, L.A., San Francisco and Philadelphia. Mike Robbie, Miami's 32-year-old G.M., the son of owner Joe Robbie, votes yes, but when the voting is completed he changes it to an abstention.

"I voted yes on the question of whether he should be allowed to move," Robbie says. "I thought he should, but within the constitution. I changed it because if that's what the league wanted, I might as well go along."

Fifteen minutes later, Rozelle announces the results. Someone says Davis is waiting outside. He had stormed off in a huff, but now he's back, the lights reflecting off his Super Bowl ring, off his elaborate silver and black bracelet with "AI" inscribed on it, a gift from Jimmy the Greek.

"The room was loaded with lawyers ... half a dozen lawyers telling everyone what to do," Davis says. "I didn't have a lawyer in there with me. It's like Benito Cereno by Herman Melville. You ever read that? A hell of a story. We'll see what happens when this thing gets into punitive damages. You'll see how many guys will back down rather than fight."

"I think he'll find that we're committed to go all the way on this thing," Pittsburgh President Dan Rooney says later. "Our constitution, our whole league is at stake."

Tuesday. An NFL club official is sitting by the swimming pool. He is asked to predict the owners' actions in the tough months to come. "They'll remain firm and not back down," he says. And Al Davis' position? "He'll remain firm and not back down."

"What does this mean?"

"Hardball all the way."

Davis is having lunch nearby. He is asked whether he senses a coldness on the part of his fellow owners. "Hell, this isn't like school, where a guy quits the team and no one talks to him," he says. "I still have my friends here."

Wednesday. Tex Schramm of the Cowboys presents the Competition Committee report. Schramm is asked

how he felt when Rozelle took Davis off that prestigious committee in 1977. "I said it then, and I'll say it now," Schramm says. "It was a mistake. He was a valuable member of that committee."

Rozelle's removal of Davis had added to the bitterness of the Rozelle-Davis relationship. "Al had used the George Atkinson slander suit against Chuck Noll as an excuse to attack the whole league," Rozelle said. "Atkinson was his straw man, an excuse to air the dirty linen. I didn't want him on any committee."

Thursday. Davis' connection with Allen Glick, who is reputed to have underworld connections and who, along with Davis, owns a piece of an Oakland shopping center, surfaces again. "Same old stuff," Davis says. "A long description of Allen's notoriety and no real link between us. I'm a limited partner at 25%. The thing isn't worth much. It's losing money. It's a hell of a tax shelter. As soon as the tax ramifications are worked out, I'll divest."

"Look, it's a well-to-do shopping center in a black neighborhood, near the Coliseum. It was built by the Teamsters. Allen got a good deal on it—that was before all the notoriety. Some of our former players work there and help run it."

Friday. League business winds down. Pat Lynch, an attorney representing the NFL, takes depositions from Davis at a place called The Spa. Davis is accompanied by Alioto, who has flown in from St. Louis. Earlier Davis was asked if he'd abide by a court ruling forcing him back to Oakland for the 1980 season. "Yeah, I'll have to abide by that, unless I want to go to jail," he said. "Our league doesn't have one yet—unless they're building one right now in Barstow, Calif. That would be a hell of a thing, wouldn't it? Instead of losing a draft choice, they give you a week. Silver and black striped uniforms. Meetings at 2 a.m. Hey, look ... I had a pretty good image up to three weeks ago, wouldn't you say? And they did a pretty good job on me. But that guy in China fell from grace, too, and he made a pretty good comeback."

Around the hotel the NFL is packing and getting ready to move on. The man who predicted "hardball" is soaking in the outdoor Jacuzzi but takes time to put the week's events into perspective. "Let's say," he says, "that it's a case of NFL capitalism vs. NFL cannibalism."

On the gray hill to the west, God is still looking down.

END

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NO MAN WAS HIS



An artist's dark, visionary rendering of Classen's last exit from the ring

KEEPER

There is blame and censure all around for the death of middleweight Willie Classen: a classic case for reform
by **ROBERT H. BOYLE**



CONTINUED

There is a new monument to the folly of those who run boxing. Right now it takes the form of an iron grave marker in St. Raymond's Cemetery in the Bronx, and it designates the resting place of middleweight Willie Classen. Classen, who was born on Sept. 16, 1950 in Santurce, Puerto Rico, died in Bellevue Hospital on Nov. 28, 1979 of brain damage inflicted five days earlier when he was knocked out in the 10th round of his fight against Wilford Scypion in the Felt Forum of Madison Square Garden. There is no epitaph, but if there were it might be words that Willie once uttered to his manager after a losing fight, "Tales are not made for guys like me."

Willie Classen is only one of four boxers who have lost their lives in this country in recent months as a result of injuries received in the ring, but he was the most prominent, a "semi-name," and he suffered beatings when he should not have been fighting at all, in bouts licensed by the British Boxing Board of Control and the New York State Athletic Commission, supposedly the two most responsible agencies in the sport.

The blame for Classen's death has been placed on a number of persons, starting with his manager, Marco Minuto. Like a loser who doubles up on his bets at a Vegas crap table, Minuto kept putting Classen in over his head in the hope that an upset win would put his fighter—also his friend—right up on top of his division. His fellow managers generally regard Minuto as inept. "Inexperienced" is the kinder word that matchmaker Gil Clancy of the Garden uses to describe Minuto. A Little League baseball manager in suburban Garden City, N.Y., Minuto had no experience in boxing three years ago when he decided to buy Classen's contract in an effort to help him. He became a manager simply by filling out the New York State form and paying a \$15 fee to the New York commission. A couple of days later he received his license in the mail. Regardless of what others might say about him, Minuto has a high opinion of his managerial ability. "In 2½ years, I've learned what some people don't learn in a lifetime in boxing," he says. "To have my fighters in Madison Square Garden, the Mecca of boxing, was an accomplishment in itself. As far as the knowledge of when a fighter is in shape or the kind of fight he needs, I know all that."

Minuto has another fighter under contract—Mike Tarasewich, who is known as the Mad Russian. The Mad

Russian is a heavyweight who lumbers about the ring like some hobbled Frankenstein monster. Experienced boxing men say that if Classen had not been killed first, the Russian might have been. He suffered six straight losses before the New York commission suspended him last October. Both Tarasewich and Minuto regard the suspension as unfair. Minuto says, "I think the Russian is the best-conditioned athlete in the country, not just the best-conditioned boxer, but the best-conditioned athlete. On any given day, he can beat any heavyweight in the country."

Despite all this, it would be a mistake to write off Minuto as a fool. In his defense, Marco Minuto sees himself as a victim of the game. "Certain people who are promoters or matchmakers abuse their power," he says. "But you have to go back and deal with them again. They don't forget. When they're looking to build up a fighter, they want an opponent. [In boxing terminology, an opponent is a fighter not good enough to beat the fighter getting the buildup.] You don't take a fight they offer you, they say, 'O.K., so forget about the money. I was just trying to give you a payday.' You don't want the fight, forget it. But don't call me no more." There are managers who are undertakers, who supply tomato cans. The matchmakers made me that. That's the way it works."

Rollie Hackmer, an experienced manager who does not think much of Minuto, nonetheless says, "A lot of what Minuto says is true. Frankie Carbo [the late underworld czar of boxing] was a prince and an angel compared to what you've got today, but many managers are afraid to speak out because they're afraid of being blacklisted."

Mackey Duff, the London promoter and matchmaker, was looking for an opponent when he booked Willie Classen on only two days' notice as a fill-in against Tony Sibson, then the British middleweight champion, last Oct. 9 at the Royal Albert Hall. Sibson floored Classen three times in the first two rounds. After Classen went down the third time and was counted out, he complained of double vision. At the time, Classen should not have been fighting anywhere. His New York license had expired in September, and the previous April he had been placed on indefinite medical suspension, pending a complete neurological examination, as the result of a KO he had suffered at the hands of John Lucero in the Felt Forum.

In November, after the Sibson bout, Classen lied to the New York commission when he applied for a renewal of his

boxer's license. He said that he had been stopped on cuts in London. Neither he nor Minuto said anything about the fact that Classen had been knocked out. At about the same time Classen was getting his new license from the commission, matchmaker Clancy and Jack Bami, his assistant, were looking for an opponent to fight Scypion, an up-and-coming headhunter who had knocked out everyone he had faced in his 12-bout career. Scypion is managed by Mike Jones, who with Dennis Rappaport also has Howard Davis, the Olympic champion, and Gerry Cooney, the heavyweight contender, and it is taken for granted in boxing that Clancy would like to do a lot of business with Rappaport and Jones.

When Classen was being considered as an opponent for Scypion, Bami was reportedly against using him. "Can you imagine making a match like this?" Bami asked when he learned that Clancy had arranged the fight. Both Bami and Clancy knew that Classen had been knocked out in London. Ben Greene of New York, who books fights and who knew the true story about Classen's loss in London, says, "I got a call from Clancy. 'You got anyone to box Scypion?' he said. I said no. Then I got word that Clancy had signed Classen. I called Clancy up. I said, 'For Christ's sake, don't put that match in. Classen can't fight anymore.' I warned

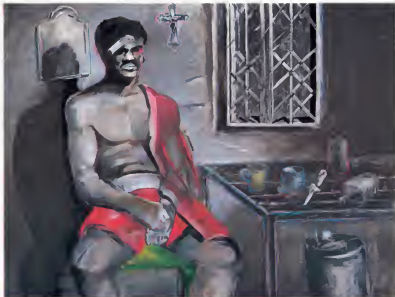
him, and I blame him. Clancy knew what went on in London, and yet he put the guy in. I knew Classen. I once made a match for him in Europe, but after he was knocked out by Locicero I didn't want anything to do with him or Minuto. After the Locicero fight, Minuto came around to me to ask about a fight for Classen in Europe. 'No,' I told Minuto, 'I'm not having anything to do with your fighter.' There was talk Classen was on drugs, that he wasn't in the gym. And he was taking too many punches." Greene also told another manager, "The guy [Classen] is a basket case."

Bami was away on vacation when Clancy actually signed the Scypion-Classen fight. When Bami is asked now if it's true that he said, "Can you imagine making a match like this?" he pauses and then shrugs. Asked again, he does the same. Asked a third time, he pauses again and then says, "Let's put it this way. We'd like to have much better opposition."

Both Bami and Clancy acknowledge they knew about Classen's loss by a knockout to Sebson. Clancy says, "We were looking for an opponent for Scypion, and Classen had fought some good fights here, win or lose. It was a good match of a veteran against an up-and-coming fighter." What about the loss in London? Clancy says, "Mickey Duff

continued

DRAWINGS BY MARSHALL ARDSMAN



Classen had recurring nightmares and hallucinations and even a premonition of death.

said the match was a farce. Classen never got any beating in the fight at all, and it was so bad he [Duff] would have held up the purse. You have to know fighters. He [Classen] went over there for a payday. If he had fought here before a Puerto Rican audience, he wouldn't dare do that. The macho in him would have come out. I spoke to the referee in the fight, Harry Gibbs, and his exact words about Classen were, 'He took no hiding at all.' Gibbs, in Las Vegas to judge the Sugar Ray Leonard-Wilfred Benitez fight last November, said that he had ended the Classen-Silbon fight because Classen "showed no inclination to fight."

Clancy denies that anyone warned him against putting Classen in against Scypion because Classen was finished as a fighter. Asked if Greene did not call him to decry the match, Clancy says, "Nobody called me." Not Ben Greene? "Nobody," Clancy says, "not to my recollection."

The train of events that led to Classen's death also runs straight to the door of the New York commission. When Hugh Carey became governor five years ago, he did all he could to downgrade the commission. Admittedly faced with economic hard times in 1975, the governor cut back the commission's budget. Only recently did the commission get its first photocopying machine ever, but even then staffers had to go upstairs in the State Office Building in lower Manhattan to borrow a roll of paper for it—ironically enough, from the office of Senator Roy Goodman, who has been investigating boxing in New York as the result of Classen's death.

The commission has traditionally served as a resting place for political backs and hangers-on. Indeed, this magazine noted editorially two years ago (SCORECARD, March 6, 1978) that Governor Carey had some explaining to do for his appointment of Jack Prenderville as chairman. Following a long search, Carey picked Prenderville to succeed James A. Farley Jr., his previous appointee, after Farley resigned in the wake of the scandal involving the Don King-ABC U.S. Boxing Championships.

Prenderville has no qualifications of any kind for the boxing post. His political connections go back to the days when he ran Carey's Brooklyn office when the governor was in Congress. As it is, Prenderville does not even give full time to the commission he was supposed to put in order, because he has another state job as deputy commissioner in the Office of Parks and Recreation and has to spend most of his working hours in Albany. "But I'm just a phone call away from any major trouble," Prenderville insists.

After Classen collapsed during his fight with Scypion, Prenderville called a meeting of the commission the next morning and promptly announced there was no need for an inquiry into the bout. "We've talked with everyone involved—doctors, persons in charge of the boxing shows, the referees and even some reporters," he said. "It all comes down to the same thing. Everything was done and properly so." Calling Classen's brain damage "a tragic accident," Prenderville declared, "No one is responsible."

Three days later, however, under pressure from the press, Governor Carey ordered a "complete and thorough investigation." Prenderville immediately agreed. He now calls his original finding, that no one was responsible, "a poor statement." But the very notion of having the commission, which had already whitewashed the case, investigate itself was so shocking to Senator Goodman, a Manhattan Republican, that he announced that the State Senate Committee on Investigations, of which he is the chairman, would conduct its own inquiry.



Minuto says the system killed Willie.

An investigation into the short life of Willie Classen reveals that it was tormented with recurrent nightmares and dreams of glory. A boyhood TV addict, Willie was eight years old when he tried to emulate Superman by leaping from a third-story window with a sheet tied around his neck. He broke his right leg, and he could never bend it properly, even when he fought in the ring. Nonetheless, early in his professional career,

when he would shadowbox in his slum apartment, he would proclaim he was going to be as great as heavyweight champion Muhammad Ali.

Classen was programmed to be a fighter. His grandfather fought professionally as Kid Martin in Puerto Rico, and his father, Guillermo, had a few amateur bouts. When Willie was four, his grandfather, still an active fighter, suffered a blood clot from a beating in the ring, became a derelict and died two years later. Willie's father, an electrician, was only 20 when Willie was born, his mother, Alicia, only 15, and yet the Classens already had a daughter, Ana, who was born when Alicia was 14. Later there were 11 other children. When Willie was six or seven, his mother accused his father of flirting with another woman and attacked him with a knife. Willie saw all of this happen, and for the rest of his life had nightmares as a result. His mother went to prison for a brief period, and his father looked after him.

When Willie was eight, his mother divorced his father and took Willie and Ana to Spanish Harlem in Man-

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CLASSEN

continued

hattan, where they lived on 105th Street. In hard times, the mother would leave Ana and Willie on the steps of welfare homes. Willie came to love Ana. It was his older sister and himself against the world. Soon, his mother had Willie's half brother, Julio, by one man, and his half sister, Rafaela, by still another.

Willie never went to school past the third grade. "Everything Willie learned, he learned in the street," says Gloria Beniquez, the first woman Willie lived with. Even so, Willie doted on his mother. "He knew she was trying her best," says Minuto. Willie's mother sent him to learn boxing at boys clubs in Harlem, and she saw to it that he kept himself clean and neat. Yet to punish him, she would occasionally beat him on the top of the head with the heel of her shoe. "He had the marks on his head from his mother's heel," Minuto says.

When Willie was 15, the family moved to the Bronx. In 1967, when he was 16, he had the first of his numerous encounters with the police, being arrested for assault and robbery. The case never came to trial. A year later he went to work at the Consolidated Laundry in Manhattan as a "tumbler man," removing sheets and towels from the dryer. There, in 1968, he met Gloria, who was in the pressing department and who had emigrated from Puerto Rico two years earlier. That year, when he was 17 and she was 26, they began living together. "He always liked older women," says Gloria.

Gloria speaks mostly Spanish. She is sitting in the living room of her Bronx apartment near Yankee Stadium. Standing by her are two shy but curious girls, Brenda, 10, her daughter by Willie, and Wanda, 5, her daughter by another man. Gloria lives on welfare.

"When we began living together, his family didn't like it," she says. Willie kept up his boxing, training at St. Mary's, a local gym, and in 1970, the year that Brenda was born, he won the *Daily News*' Golden Gloves championship in the 160-pound sub-novice class. "After Brenda was born, Willie's family began to help in all sorts of things," Gloria says. "They did everything for me. Willie cleaned, he did everything around the house. When Brenda was 22 days old, I remember my uncle came up from Puerto Rico and found Willie doing the diapers. This is something you don't

continued

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CLASSEN

continued

see a Puerto Rican man doing, but Willie told my uncle, 'I had to learn someday.' My uncle went back to Puerto Rico and told my mother, 'Your daughter has found a good man.' "

Unfortunately, soon afterward Classen was arrested for pulling a knife on a man during a fight at a dance hall, and, Gloria recalls, he was sent to a detention center for six months. When he got out, he resumed boxing. Gloria says, "Willie always told me, 'I'm going to be like my grandfather and be in the sport of boxing.' Willie wanted to be in the same light as Muhammad Ali. He was always talking about boxing. I didn't like boxing. I told him it was not a fit sport, and he told me, 'The woman who tells me that boxing is not my sport, I will no longer look at her. I will die in this sport.' I got tired of it, so I reconciled myself to it and made his boxing robes and his boxing trunks. I was always taking care of him. Although I never went to a fight, I was like his manager in the house. When a fight was scheduled for him, I would not let him smoke or drink."

In 1972 Willie and Gloria separated. "Personal differences," says Gloria. Even so, Willie would always show up on Saturday to take Brenda out for the day. Willie then began living with another woman, Lora, and had a son by her, Willie Jr.

It is a chilly, sunny winter's day. Marco Minuto is sitting in the pizza parlor on Burnside off Jerome Avenue in the Bronx, his back to the pinball machines, dragging on a cigarette. Minuto is 30. He is now a sales manager for a company that makes Jamaican potpies (a meat pie) and he is revisiting the old neighborhood. It is a rough area. The cancer of arson and burnt-out buildings that stunned Jimmy Carter in the South Bronx has crept into the West Bronx. Across the street are gutted apartment houses. Two blocks away is 2101 Harrison Avenue where Willie once lived. The building is a shell. The wind whistles in and out the windows of Willie's old apartment. The brass numbers marking the street address were ripped off long ago. The address is now marked on the side of the building with spray paint.

Minuto takes a drag on his cigarette. He has his hat on the back of his head, and he is running to fat. He's out of the

Bronx himself by way of Sicily. He moved here when he was eight because his mother wanted him and his brother to have the advantages, as he puts it, of being "brought up American." Minuto dropped out of James Monroe High School six months before graduation to work in a pizza parlor. He opened up his own parlor on 183rd Street, then sold it to his brother when he opened another on Burnside, which is where he met Willie Classen in September 1971.

That day, Minuto recalls, "Willie said he wanted a slice of Sicilian pizza, so I gave him a slice. I saw his boxing gear. I could see that he was well dressed, neat, and, comparing him to the other guys on Burnside, you could see that he was different. I started running with him. Our relationship got closer. He was a lonely guy. He was having a problem with Gloria. Between 1971 and 1974, we were very good friends. This is a dangerous area. There were some late-night scuffles in the pizza store, and Willie helped me out."

In the fall of 1972, Classen, then 22, decided to turn pro. "He asked me to manage him," says Minuto, who was the same age as Willie. "I said I had no experience. He was working with me in the store then, and he offered to let me have a piece of the contract. I said no." Al LaCava, a Bronx businessman who had been active in boxing for a number of years, became Classen's manager. His first fight was in Bayonne on Dec. 7, where he fought a four-round draw with Willie Taylor. Classen fought Taylor in a rematch and lost, but then won his next six straight. His best purse was \$150. On April 8, 1974, he lost a split decision to Eddie Gregory, and, Minuto says, his manager kept him out for almost three years, except for one fight in 1975.

"We lost touch. He moved. I moved," Minuto says. "Then I met his half sister, Rafaela, in my mother's store. 'Where you been?' I asked. She said, 'My mother passed away. Willie's not like he used to be.' I went to see him that evening. It wasn't the same Willie Classen I had known. The bums that were outside on the street, he was part of them. He used to say, 'Look at those bums,' but he was one of them in a sense—he had become one of them. I saw needle marks, but I never saw him take drugs. I said, 'Willie, we'll go like the old days.' He told me that he had a prob-

lem when his mother died. She was the one who gave him strength."

With Minuto back as his friend, Classen won three fights by knockouts in the winter and spring of 1977. "That September I spoke to Al LaCava about my managing the fighter," Minuto says. "Actually I wanted to be a partner in managing, but that didn't work out. Al was like all other managers. A fighter is like a wife. You don't mess with my fighter or my wife. You want my fighter, you buy him. Al says, 'The kid owes me \$1,200 or \$1,300 personally. I never made any money. Give me \$2,500 and you take the fighter.' I did."

Minuto applied for a manager's license, got it and signed to have Classen meet Roy Edmonds on Nov. 30, 1977 in White Plains. "A tremendously hard puncher, Edmonds," Minuto says. "Willie was knocked down for the first time in a professional bout. It was in the second round, and Willie said, 'I see six guys.' But I knew Willie was in tremendous shape. He started to come back, and he knocked out Edmonds in the sixth round." Three more wins and a draw followed.

"Willie fought Bob Payton. He won the decision," Minuto continued. "Then there was the Tumbler Daw's rematch in the Garden. Willie had beaten him before, but he had sprained both hands and broke the knuckle on the ring finger of his left hand in the first fight. Teddy Brenner [then the Garden matchmaker] always wanted blood on the floor. He says, 'You got a beast. You bought a lot of aggravation. No one will fight him.' Then Brenner says, 'I don't need the fight. I'll give you six rounds.' But I said, 'Teddy, Willie's a 10-round fighter.' Brenner says, 'I'll give you a thousand dollars for six. You beat Tumbler, and I'll bring you back.' It was an easy fight."

In February 1978, Classen married for the first and only time. Minuto attended the wedding reception. "Willie told me, 'I've finally met the right woman,'" Minuto says. Marilyn Classen, who is the mother of two of Willie's children—Isaac and Destiny—will not talk to interviewers, on her lawyer's instructions. (Her lawyer is Mike Capriano Jr., who is also the lawyer for his father, Mike Capriano Sr., a veteran fight manager, and Al LaCava, both of whom were in the corner with Minuto in the fatal fight against Sey-
pion. By odd coincidence, Capriano Jr.

continued

was also the lawyer for the late Benny Paret, who died after being knocked out by Clancy's fighter Emile Griffith in Madison Square Garden in 1962. "It's \$500 to speak to Marilyn," Capriano Jr. says. "It's for Marilyn, not me. Somebody's got to get up a donation. Five hundred dollars. Short numbers.")

On Aug. 25, 1978, Willie Classen got his big break—a fight in Madison Square Garden against Vito Antuofermo. Minuto recalls Teddy Brenner saying, "You beat Antuofermo, you're made."

Minuto says, "Teddy knew how to give the public their money's worth. I signed for \$2,500. I asked for more money, and Teddy said, 'I've got tremendous overhead.' My intentions were to upset Antuofermo and get world recognition for Willie. The first five rounds, Antuofermo makes you fight like you never fought in your life. He was taking energy from Willie he never knew he had. When Willie lost, he's as much affected as it affected me. It upset Willie a lot."

It was a close decision, and Willie's fans were upset, too. There was bedlam when Minuto re-entered the ring carrying Classen on his shoulders, and they waved to the crowd. Chairs were heaved into the ring, the riot squad had to be called. The commission suspended Minuto and Classen for two months.

Minuto attempted to console Classen for the defeat. "I said, 'Willie, you can always bounce back.' He said, 'Titles are not made for guys like me. Let's make some money.' He started to get very, very bitter. I got him a small club fight in the Audubon Grand Ballroom on 116th Street." Classen not only lost but was also knocked down several times.

The defeat added to Minuto's suspicion that his fighter "just wasn't the old Willie Classen, that his whole way of thinking was lost. He was very negative. I said to him, 'You've got to get tuned in, otherwise you'll get hurt.' I sent him to Europe to fight Jose Duran. Ben Greene was the booking agent. They needed a middleweight in Sicily. He stopped Duran in three on Dec. 2, 1978. Christmas is coming now, and Willie says, 'I want to take time off from the gym.' But afterward he didn't return to the gym. In February, my heavyweight, Tarasewich the Russian, fought in the Felt Forum."

Tarasewich lost, but what made the evening memorable was the scuffle Mi-

nuto and Classen had in the hallway afterward. "Willie grabbed me by the throat," Minuto says, "and he shouted, 'You're not paying attention to me!' I said, 'Get your hands off my throat. I can't stay on top of you. You're not in the gym.' I threw a punch at him. Eleven specials grabbed me, Willie screamed, 'I want him arrested.' He hit me with a jab. But I didn't press any charges."

Several weeks later, Classen resumed training, and on April 6, 1979 he met John Locicero in the Felt Forum. Locicero gave Classen a beating and in the eighth round sent him to the canvas beneath the ropes. "He rolled out, got up, but he didn't come back into the ring," says Minuto. "It looked like he quit." Classen was counted out. While Minuto protested to the referee, the fighter appeared dazed. "That night I told him to get a job," Minuto says. "Our relationship was different. I tried not to get emotionally involved. After the Locicero fight, he lost it."

In accordance with the policies of the New York commission, as a result of the knockout Classen was suspended for medical reasons for an indefinite period. Dr. Edwin Campbell, the commission's medical director, ruled that Classen would have to undergo a neurological examination, including an electroencephalogram, before being permitted to fight again in the state.

Classen stayed away from the gym, but continued to work part time in a Pathmark supermarket near his home, where he stacked bread in aisle 16 for \$3.10 an hour, the minimum wage. "We liked to give him the hours," recalls bookkeeper Eileen Sweeney. "When you called Willie, he would always come. He was very respectful. He always had something nice to say, that you looked nice, any little thing to make a person feel nice. He was a soft-spoken, well-mannered type of guy."

But there was the other side of Classen's personality. Last July 7, a transit police officer arrested Classen and two other men for holding a man at knifepoint on a subway in the Bronx. Along with the two others, Classen was charged with kidnapping, attempted robbery, possession of a weapon and possession of marijuana. The charges were reportedly dropped when Marilyn and the wives of the two other defendants told the com-

plaintant outside the courtroom that nothing would happen to him if he didn't press the case any further.

Soon thereafter Minuto got a call from Marilyn Classen. "She said they were six months behind on the rent," says Minuto. "Then the landlord called me and said, 'Willie's been telling me that he's gonna fight.' I said, 'He's not in shape. As soon as he comes to the gym, I'll look for a fight.' Willie started to train again. He was training for about a month until one Sunday evening early last October I got a call. John Bos, a booker, told me he had a fight in England for Willie if he wanted it for \$2,000. I said no deal. I also said, 'He doesn't have a license.' [Classen's license, even though invalid because of the medical suspension, had expired, as do all New York boxing licenses, on Sept. 30.] Bos said, 'That's no problem.' He called me back and offered \$3,000 and expenses 'O.K.' I said, 'the fight's yours.' It was a three-way conversation on the phone, Johnny Bos, Mickey Duff and myself." Duff was looking for a substitute to go against Sibson. "The fight was in London Tuesday night, and they were very amazed that I would take a fight with two days' notice," Minuto says. "Fighters like Willie Classen have to pull off upsets and take last-minute fights. That's their only chance. We arrived in London Monday morning. I allowed one day for jet lag."

Fight manager Paddy Flood says, scornfully, "Just two days' notice so the fighter can't get acclimated. Duff has to reach over here because all the fighters are known in England. He doesn't want to stunk out the house, but he doesn't want anyone who's going to hurt Sibson. Yet if you wanted Sibson to fight over here, Duff would demand that he came a month and a half beforehand to get acclimated. No fighter in New York should be allowed to go overseas without at least 10 days to get acclimated."

In London, Classen told officials that he had not had time to get a certificate of medical clearance in New York so Dr. Sydney Gould of the British Boxing Board of Control sent him to Dr. John K. Dauncey, a Harley Street general practitioner, who certified Classen as fit to fight Sibson the next day. Dr. Gould also gave Classen his pre-fight check and declared him fit to fight. Neither Classen nor Minuto told either doctor that Classen was under indefinite medical suspen-

sion in New York. Had he known that, Dr. Danacey says, "In no way would I have passed him fit to box."

But the matter goes deeper than that. Classen did not have a license from the New York commission, and Denis Lehané of *The Sunday Times* of London, who has been digging into the affair, has reported that the regulations of the British Boxing Board of Control demand that five individuals were each required to prove that Classen had a valid license before he entered the ring against Sibson. They were his manager, Minuto; the matchmaker, Duff; the promoter (or co-promoter in this case with Duff, Mike Barrett); Classen's British agent, Al Phillips; and the whip, Harry Davies, who is supposed to see that the boxers arrive in the ring on time, provide the gloves and perform other tasks, such as checking licenses. Further, Lehané reported in *The Sunday Times*, "It is usual for a Board Inspector to check all boxers' licenses at the weigh-in before the fight." Finally, the board's Regulation 22, Paragraph 1(b) states, "Every boxer from overseas must be in possession of a current boxer's license, and a medical certificate of fitness to box issued by his National Federation or Control Board, before being granted a BBB of C Boxer's License or Certificate of Authorization." Despite all this, the board refuses to explain why Classen was permitted to fight, and its chairman, Alexander Elliot, has refused even to discuss the subject with Lehané, saying, "There is no Act of Parliament that says I have to speak to you." Until Elliot speaks, the explanation of whip Harry Davies as to why he never tries to check the licenses of foreign boxers will have to do their managers' object and "Mickie Duff's people clear all that long before I ever see the fighters."

When Gibbs stopped the fight, fans booed and pelted the ring with programs. Minuto says, "Willie was knocked down in the first round, and he says, 'I see double.'" said, "Well, cover up and keep moving." The second round he got hit early, went down and got up. Then he's down again like to take a breather when the bout was stopped." Classen complained of double vision to Dr. Adrian Whitson, who was in attendance at the fight, and Dr. Whitson told him to go to Moorfields, London's premier eye hospital. "But Willie wanted to eat," says Minuto, "so we went to a Kentucky Fried

Chicken. He seemed fine. The next day we flew back to New York. On the way home, Willie was apologetic. 'I'll try harder,' he says."

Buck home, Willie continued to train and stack bread at Pathmark. Rose Lejeune, who works at the market and lived in Willie's neighborhood, saw Willie running in the morning. Willie told everyone in the market that he had won in London, but they soon heard otherwise.

Because Classen was planning to box again, he had to renew his New York license, which meant he had to take the annual medical examination, consisting of a general physical, a neurological exam,



A lonely grave marker: the end of the dream

an electroencephalogram and an electrocardiogram. On Nov. 13, Classen reported to the commission for the EEG, which was also required by his medical suspension after the knockout by Locicero. On Nov. 20, Classen took the rest of the medical exam. Dr. Edwin Campbell, who examined Classen, found no evidence of current drug use. Classen told him that he had fought in London and had been stopped on cuts. He said nothing about the knockout. Minuto said nothing, but to appease his conscience he told the doctor during Classen's first visit on Nov. 13 to be sure to give him the EEG. Campbell cleared Classen to fight.

Then Jack Brami asked Minuto if Classen would fight Scypion in a 10-round-er at the Felt Forum. As Minuto describes it, Brami hardly appears to have been against the match: "Brami says, and I'll give you his exact words, 'I'll give you \$1,000. Who do you think would

want to use your fighter? He's been stopped twice.'" Asked what Brami meant when he said that Classen had been stopped twice, Minuto says, "What does it mean? It means, of course, that Brami knew he'd been stopped in England by Sibson. Do you think they don't know? If you were a matchmaker, wouldn't you know? You know who you're putting in a show."

Minuto turned down the offer. He had never heard of Scypion, even though Scypion had knocked out every opponent he had faced. *The Ring* magazine had prepared an article stating that "When opponents step into the ring against him, they fight to survive, not to win." Minuto decided to check out Scypion, who was training in Gleason's Gym. "He was very raw," Minuto says. "Scypion was not the fighter his record showed. I thought Willie could hit him and knock him out. Willie was peaking in his training. I saw Gil Clancy and signed for \$1,500. My feelings were that if Willie beat the hottest fighter in the country, he'd be right back on top. Those two other fights [Locicero and Sibson] when he was stopped meant nothing."

On Nov. 23, the day of the fight, Drs. Richard Izquierdo and Roger Warner, the attending physicians, checked Classen at the weigh-in at 11 a.m. They also checked him that night before the fight and found him fit. Izquierdo was later to become the subject of controversy when it was learned that he also was Classen's personal physician, thus creating a possible conflict of interest. Neither doctor had any training in neurology.

The referee was Lew Eskin, who is unpopular with some managers who say he can't control a bout because he won't put his hands on fighters to break them. Six months previously in New Jersey, Paddy Flood had complained to promoter Al Sesto, "This guy Eskin will get a fighter killed or start a riot."

Eskin counters criticism of his style by saying, "I think that when you put your hands on fighters you lose control." Eskin also contends Classen shouldn't have been allowed to fight Scypion. "I knew about the knockout in London, but the commission okayed the match. Clancy knew it. Why wasn't he suspended?"

Classen's cornerman, Al LaCava, says Classen asked him to work the fight that night. Mike Capriano, the other cornerman, later testified that Classen did not

continued

look good in the dressing room and that he told that to Minuto. Minuto says he was not in the dressing room but outside watching the other fights.

Scypion knocked Classen down in the third round. "In the fourth Willie didn't look right," Minuto says. "I turned around to Capriano and said, 'Give me the razor. This fight's off. I want to cut the gloves.'" Minuto remembers Capriano responding, "Don't worry about it. You know this kid's a beast. No one can stand toe to toe with Willie. Sooner or later he'll get him. When the kid wants to fight, he can take care of anybody." So the fight continued. "In the fifth round," Minuto says, "Willie hit Scypion with a left hook, and Scypion started to run. In the corner we said, 'You hurt him,' and he said, 'I know.' Willie became the aggressor. After the sixth round I told him, 'You're chasing. You'll walk into a right. Take your time.' In the seventh and eighth rounds, he chased with his guard down. Early in the ninth, Willie got caught with an overhand right, and Scypion saw that he had hurt Willie and just went after him. Then Willie got hit with a second overhand right that was devastating. It caught him right by the back of the head. I saw that Willie was hurt, and [after the bell] I went to the middle of the ring to take him to the corner. He was cut inside the left eyelid. I gave that first priority because I could talk to him as I was putting pressure on the eye. As I started to talk to him, Dr. Warner came from the right, then Dr. Izquierdo from my left. I backed off. Both of the doctors started talking to Willie and he's responding to them."

During the ninth round, fans in the crowd had started yelling for the fight to be stopped. Harold Valan, a referee at ringside, called out, "Lew! Lew! Stop it!" Eskin was one of several persons who could have stopped the fight. Either of the doctors could have stopped it, and so could Minuto, although he later testified he didn't know that he could. In any event, no one did.

"The bell rang [for the 10th round]," Minuto recalls. "Willie's on the stool. I said to him, 'What do you want to do?' He says, 'I want to fight.'"

Eskin did not have the fighters touch gloves for the final round. It is a custom, not a regulation. Scypion tore across the ring to meet Classen. "I was still on the apron," Minuto says. "Scypion measured

him with a left, then bang, a right, then another right. I was still on the apron. As soon as the first punch hit, I thought the fight had to be stopped, and before Willie went down, I was in there.

"When he was lying on the floor, I cut the glove off his left hand, and while I was cutting the glove on the right hand, he grabbed me with his right hand like a vise and held on to me. I knew then he was unconscious, and I had to pull my hand out of his grip with my other hand. Then I knew that he was really hurt."

Confusion engulfed the ring. No one seemed certain of what to do. There was no established procedure to follow. Classen finally was placed on a stretcher and removed from the ring to an adjacent hallway. A call went out for an ambulance, but none came. By chance, Richard McGuire, an AAU boxing official, spotted an ambulance passing by on Eighth Avenue and he flagged it down. It was from Cabrini Hospital on East 19th Street, but Izquierdo and Warner insisted that the driver take Classen to Bellevue, where emergency neurosurgery was available. Warner rode in the ambulance across town with Classen and radioed Bellevue to be ready.

Within two hours of the knock-out, neurosurgeons removed a large blood clot that had formed in the space between Classen's brain and its outer cover, the dura. Removal of the clot alleviated the pressure, but the brain itself had already been damaged. Five days later, at 7:42 p.m., Wednesday, Nov. 28, Willie Classen died.

Peace did not follow Classen to the grave. The Ortiz Funeral Home in the Bronx would not release the body for the funeral at St. Joan of Arc and burial in St. Raymond's Cemetery until a bill of \$2,000 was paid. Minuto had to come up with the cash. It was either that or a certified check, because the funeral home had been stuck with the bill after Benny Paret had died 18 years before.

There followed a series of curious reports and leaks from the office of the New York City medical examiner. Classen's brain and some tissues had been removed for autopsy. One rumor had it that Willie's brain was missing—it was proved false—but there was indeed a mixup involving tissues from another cadaver.

In mid-December, Senator Good-

man's committee issued its report. It called for an immediate suspension of all boxing in New York until a six-point program to protect boxers could be enacted by the commission. The commission acceded to the suspension, and adopted all the recommendations, which included mandatory eight-hour neurological training courses for physicians, referees and supervisory officials, and the utilization of CAT scans for boxers when medically indicated. Goodman's committee also found that Classen's death was "a preventable tragedy" that provided "a glaring indictment of an archaic and inadequate system of boxing supervision," that the state had "failed" to screen doctors properly for its panel of ring physicians, that ring doctors and referees were "not properly trained to prevent serious boxer injury or death," and that boxers were endangered by a "failure of officials to have arrangements in place for rapid treatment of head and nervous system trauma." Goodman also urged acceleration of a computerized boxer identification system that would provide the various state commissions with a full record of a fighter's career and injuries.

The New York commission conducted its own investigation, and in January it announced that Izquierdo and Warner had resigned, that Minuto had been suspended for a year and that Eskin, LaCava and Capriano were suspended for six months. Eskin called his suspension "ludicrous. It's a typical move by a ... completely inept commission."

Informed of the suspension before he received official notice in the mail, LaCava said of the commission, "Those bastards! They have no business doing this. We were hired for one night, that's all. They're the murderers, not us. They passed this fighter."

A few weeks later, Marilyn Classen filed a multimillion-dollar damage suit against the New York commission.

Goodman's committee is now into the second part of its inquiry, a look at commission procedures and regulations, promoting, matchmaking and the possibility of future federal supervision. Unless the senator and his committee take a very hard look at what goes on in boxing, and initiate sorely needed reforms that are also adopted nationwide, the sport will continue as it has in the past, and Willie Classen's death will have little meaning.

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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week March 10-16

Compiled by BROOKS CLARK

COLLEGE BASKETBALL—VIRGINIA UNION beat New York Tech 83-74 at Springfield, Mass. to win the New York Division II title.

KANSAS CITY UNIVERSITY of Louisiana defeated Alabama State 84-77 to win the NAIA championship in Cameron City.

NORTH PARK COLLEGE of Chicago defeated Lipscomb 83-76 in Rock Hill, S.C. to win its third straight NCAA Division III championship.

PRO BASKETBALL—In the Atlanta Decatur, Boston is only 13 games ahead of Philadelphia but both teams have clinched playoff spots. The Celtics, seven-game winning streak was ended by a 113-126 overtime loss to the Washington Bullets which lost to Indiana 114-108. Orlando Magic 121-105 and was defeated by Atlanta 88-83 when Almond scored his four consecutive field goals and three points, the winner a 14-foot jumper with three seconds remaining. With that victory the Hawks clinched the Central Division title. Five teams have a shot at the remaining Eastern Conference playoff spots. New York, San Antonio, Washington, Houston and Indiana. Kansas City leads Milwaukee by a halfgame in the Midwest but both are ahead of Charlotte Hornets. Cleveland, in the Pacific Division, Los Angeles leads Seattle by two and Phoenix by 4½, but all three have made the playoffs. This leaves San Diego with seven games remaining and full Washington in the second with a one foot to Seattle to clinch Portland, which is 1½ games behind with eight to play, for the last Western Conference berth. In a 142-131 home triumph over the Lakers, the Trail Blazers scored more points than they had in any game this season. At Los Angeles, however, they lost 102-94. In the game between Abdul-Jabbar scored 30 points to bring his career total to 24,000 making him the fifth player to score 24,000 points in the NBA. The other four: John Chamberlain (31,491), Elvin Hayes (30,749), John Havlicek (30,393) and Jerry West (30,152).

BOWLING—EARL ANTHONY defeated Mark Ryan 9-0 to win the \$53,000 Long Island Open at Garden City, N.Y.

BOKING—HM WATTS of Scotland successfully defended his WBC lightweight title by stopping Charles McKee of Northern Ireland in the fourth round at Glasgow.

ALAN NINER of Great Britain won the undisputed middleweight title by defeating defending champion Vito Amatoletto on a split decision in Las Vegas (split 30-28).

PEACHING—WAYNE STATE UNIVERSITY retained its NCAA title beating runner-up Pennsylvania 111-106 in University Park, Pa. SENAT SIMON of Wayne State repeated the individual field title he won in 1978. GIL FELZAR, also of Wayne State, took the epic, and PAUL FREEDBERG of Wake won the shot.

OLF—RAY FLOYD defeated Jack Nicklaus on the second hole of sudden death to win the \$150,000 Coral Gables Jack Nicklaus and Floyd shot nine-under-par 27½ in a playoff at Gray.

JUANITA CARNER also a nine-under-par 27½ and defeated Judy Rankin by four strokes to win a \$150,000 LPGA tournament in San Diego. It was Carnier's fourth victory in the six tournaments she has entered this year.

HOCKEY—Sweeping Washington which won only five of its first 25 games this season but has lost just 15 of its last 24. And Vancouver for the fifth and last playoff spot by winning three straight games at home as the Capitals stopped the Islanders (3-1) and the Red Wings (5-2), and in a home game against Boston (6-4) for the first time ever in their 27-game history against the Bruins. Philadelphia now has the distinction of being the only club Washington has never beaten. The New York Rangers made a comeback as new games by beating Washington 10-2, Colorado 10-6 and Toronto 10-4, but the best news for the Rangers was the return of Center Lee Waike, who has been inactive for nine weeks because of a neck injury. In his fourth game back, Nilsson got the first back against the Miami Leafs. Atlanta, which has lost only five of its last 27 games, beat Los Angeles 2-1 as Olympic hero Gooszow scored. Joe Crisp stopped 26 of 35 shots to win his second, fourth and fourth Philadelphia in eighth defeat of the season, beat-

ing the Flyers 4-3. Montreal won four straight to tie Buffalo for second place behind Philadelphia. In the overall standings with 94 points, but Chicago had its six-game unbeaten streak stopped by Edmonton 6-4.

HORSE RACING—BOON HENRY (515-88), ridden by Daniel McHugh, defeated Reliance by 1½ lengths to win the \$162,500 San Luis Rey Stakes at Santa Anita. The 3-year-old gelding, who is unbeaten in four races this year, ran the 110-mile turf course in 2:23 to tie the world record set by Fiddle Isle in 1979.

RAISE A MAN (35-40), 801 Shoemaker, ridden by The Carpenter by 1½ lengths to win the 1½-mile \$109,700 San Felipe Handicap at Santa Anita in 1:40.

MOTOR SPORTS—DALE EARNHARDT, driving a Chevrolet at an average speed of 134.838 mph, won the Ardeno 500 Grand National at Daytona International Raceway. He finished nine seconds ahead of Rusty Wallace driving a Chevrolet.

TENNIS—HEINZ GUNTARDH OF Switzerland upset Glenn Mayer 6-3, 6-4 to win a \$175,000 WCT championship at Rye Brook.

TRACY AUSTIN defeated Virginia Wade 6-2, 6-1 to win a \$125,000 Avon tournament in Boston.

TRACK & FIELD—TEXAS, EL PASO, posted by Suleyman Nurmali who won the mile and two mile, set the NCAA championship with a record 16 mile. Villanova was runner-up with 42 points. Villanova was set by Don Page of Villanova in the 1,000 (2:05.88) and by the Villanova distance medley relay team (9:42.22). Camp Dickey of Texas A&M captured the meet record of 6:12 in the 80.

WRESTLING—THE UNIVERSITY OF KENT was its third consecutive NCAA championship by defeating runner-up Oklahoma State 110-75-87 in Corvallis, Ore. The individual champions: 135 pounds, JOE GONZA-LEZ, Cal State, Bakersfield; 150, JOHN AZEVEDO, Cal State, Bakersfield; 174, RANDY LEWIS, Iowa; 184, LEE RAY SMITH, Oklahoma State; 190, ANDY REIN, Wyoming; 215, BILLY STEWART, Oklahoma State; 235, MIKE REED, North Carolina State; 277, ED BARNAL, Iowa; 295, NOEL CORAN, Vermont; heavyweight, HOWARD HARRIS, Oregon State.

MILEPOSTS—ELECTED TO the Baseball Hall of Fame, TOM YAWKEY, owner of the Boston Red Sox from 1913 until his death in 1978, as the age of 75 and CHUCK KILLEN who died in 1958 at 55. In his 17-year career (1928-44), Killean, an outfielder, had a career average of .316 and hit 304 home runs while played for the Philadelphia Phillies, Chicago Cubs and Pittsburgh Pirates. He won the National League MVP in 1931, won the triple crown in 1931 with a .368 average, 28 homers and 120 RBIs, and led in total for the league lead in home runs (52), 33, 72 and 73.

READMITTED To amateur status, by the International Amateur Athletic Federation, High Jumper DWIGHT STONES, after his disqualification 21 months ago for "improperly allocating" prize money from The Sentinaries and GUY DOUTY of France, the 1976 Olympic gold medalist in the 100-meter hurdles, for advertising having accepted money for competing. Also re-injured were former International Track Association professionals, JOHN SMITH, 300 MILES and BRIAN OLDFIELD as well as five East European women who had been discovered using a drug banned by the IAAF.

SYNDICATED By owner Harry Meyerhoff, SPECTACULAR BILL, the six-year-old second place leading moneywinner behind Affirmed (\$2,363,816), \$2,007,671 and winner of the 1978 Kentucky Derby and Preakness for a world record \$2 million.

TRADED By the Oakland Raiders, Quarterback KEN STABLER, 34, to the Houston Oilers for Quarterback DAN FOSTERINE, 26.

DIED In the crash of a Polish jetliner in Warsaw, 14 U.S. amateur tennis and golf officials accompanying them to visit in Europe and Kansas City killed. In all, 37 passengers and nine crew members were killed.

CREDITS

4—Tony Truex 12.15—Marty Miller (dancer) Andy Hay (2) 16—Hunt Klummeier 22—Rich Carlson 23—Richard Mackinnon 24—Tommy Bond 25—Walter Jones Jr. 26—Hunt Klummeier (dancer) Walter Jones Jr. 27—Hunt Klummeier (dancer) Walter Jones Jr. 28—Craig McMillen 29—30—31—32—33—34—35—36—37—38—39—40—41—42—43—44—45—46—47—48—49—50—51—52—53—54—55—56—57—58—59—60—61—62—63—64—65—66—67—68—69—70—71—72—73—74—75—76—77—78—79—80—81—82—83—84—85—86—87—88—89—90—91—92—93—94—95—96—97—98—99—100—101—102—103—104—105—106—107—108—109—110—111—112—113—114—115—116—117—118—119—120—121—122—123—124—125—126—127—128—129—130—131—132—133—134—135—136—137—138—139—140—141—142—143—144—145—146—147—148—149—150—151—152—153—154—155—156—157—158—159—160—161—162—163—164—165—166—167—168—169—170—171—172—173—174—175—176—177—178—179—180—181—182—183—184—185—186—187—188—189—190—191—192—193—194—195—196—197—198—199—200—201—202—203—204—205—206—207—208—209—210—211—212—213—214—215—216—217—218—219—220—221—222—223—224—225—226—227—228—229—230—231—232—233—234—235—236—237—238—239—240—241—242—243—244—245—246—247—248—249—250—251—252—253—254—255—256—257—258—259—260—261—262—263—264—265—266—267—268—269—270—271—272—273—274—275—276—277—278—279—280—281—282—283—284—285—286—287—288—289—290—291—292—293—294—295—296—297—298—299—300—301—302—303—304—305—306—307—308—309—310—311—312—313—314—315—316—317—318—319—320—321—322—323—324—325—326—327—328—329—330—331—332—333—334—335—336—337—338—339—340—341—342—343—344—345—346—347—348—349—350—351—352—353—354—355—356—357—358—359—360—361—362—363—364—365—366—367—368—369—370—371—372—373—374—375—376—377—378—379—380—381—382—383—384—385—386—387—388—389—390—391—392—393—394—395—396—397—398—399—400—401—402—403—404—405—406—407—408—409—410—411—412—413—414—415—416—417—418—419—420—421—422—423—424—425—426—427—428—429—430—431—432—433—434—435—436—437—438—439—440—441—442—443—444—445—446—447—448—449—450—451—452—453—454—455—456—457—458—459—460—461—462—463—464—465—466—467—468—469—470—471—472—473—474—475—476—477—478—479—480—481—482—483—484—485—486—487—488—489—490—491—492—493—494—495—496—497—498—499—500—501—502—503—504—505—506—507—508—509—510—511—512—513—514—515—516—517—518—519—520—521—522—523—524—525—526—527—528—529—530—531—532—533—534—535—536—537—538—539—540—541—542—543—544—545—546—547—548—549—550—551—552—553—554—555—556—557—558—559—560—561—562—563—564—565—566—567—568—569—570—571—572—573—574—575—576—577—578—579—580—581—582—583—584—585—586—587—588—589—590—591—592—593—594—595—596—597—598—599—600—601—602—603—604—605—606—607—608—609—610—611—612—613—614—615—616—617—618—619—620—621—622—623—624—625—626—627—628—629—630—631—632—633—634—635—636—637—638—639—640—641—642—643—644—645—646—647—648—649—650—651—652—653—654—655—656—657—658—659—660—661—662—663—664—665—666—667—668—669—670—671—672—673—674—675—676—677—678—679—680—681—682—683—684—685—686—687—688—689—690—691—692—693—694—695—696—697—698—699—700—701—702—703—704—705—706—707—708—709—710—711—712—713—714—715—716—717—718—719—720—721—722—723—724—725—726—727—728—729—730—731—732—733—734—735—736—737—738—739—740—741—742—743—744—745—746—747—748—749—750—751—752—753—754—755—756—757—758—759—760—761—762—763—764—765—766—767—768—769—770—771—772—773—774—775—776—777—778—779—780—781—782—783—784—785—786—787—788—789—790—791—792—793—794—795—796—797—798—799—800—801—802—803—804—805—806—807—808—809—810—811—812—813—814—815—816—817—818—819—820—821—822—823—824—825—826—827—828—829—830—831—832—833—834—835—836—837—838—839—840—841—842—843—844—845—846—847—848—849—850—851—852—853—854—855—856—857—858—859—860—861—862—863—864—865—866—867—868—869—870—871—872—873—874—875—876—877—878—879—880—881—882—883—884—885—886—887—888—889—890—891—892—893—894—895—896—897—898—899—900—901—902—903—904—905—906—907—908—909—910—911—912—913—914—915—916—917—918—919—920—921—922—923—924—925—926—927—928—929—930—931—932—933—934—935—936—937—938—939—940—941—942—943—944—945—946—947—948—949—950—951—952—953—954—955—956—957—958—959—960—961—962—963—964—965—966—967—968—969—970—971—972—973—974—975—976—977—978—979—980—981—982—983—984—985—986—987—988—989—990—991—992—993—994—995—996—997—998—999—1000—1001—1002—1003—1004—1005—1006—1007—1008—1009—1010—1011—1012—1013—1014—1015—1016—1017—1018—1019—1020—1021—1022—1023—1024—1025—1026—1027—1028—1029—1030—1031—1032—1033—1034—1035—1036—1037—1038—1039—1040—1041—1042—1043—1044—1045—1046—1047—1048—1049—1050—1051—1052—1053—1054—1055—1056—1057—1058—1059—1060—1061—1062—1063—1064—1065—1066—1067—1068—1069—1070—1071—1072—1073—1074—1075—1076—1077—1078—1079—1080—1081—1082—1083—1084—1085—1086—1087—1088—1089—1090—1091—1092—1093—1094—1095—1096—1097—1098—1099—1100—1101—1102—1103—1104—1105—1106—1107—1108—1109—1110—1111—1112—1113—1114—1115—1116—1117—1118—1119—1120—1121—1122—1123—1124—1125—1126—1127—1128—1129—1130—1131—1132—1133—1134—1135—1136—1137—1138—1139—1140—1141—1142—1143—1144—1145—1146—1147—1148—1149—1150—1151—1152—1153—1154—1155—1156—1157—1158—1159—1160—1161—1162—1163—1164—1165—1166—1167—1168—1169—1170—1171—1172—1173—1174—1175—1176—1177—1178—1179—1180—1181—1182—1183—1184—1185—1186—1187—1188—1189—1190—1191—1192—1193—1194—1195—1196—1197—1198—1199—1200—1201—1202—1203—1204—1205—1206—1207—1208—1209—1210—1211—1212—1213—1214—1215—1216—1217—1218—1219—1220—1221—1222—1223—1224—1225—1226—1227—1228—1229—1230—1231—1232—1233—1234—1235—1236—12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Edited by GAY FLOOD

CARRYING THE TORCH

Sir:

My compliments to Kathy Blumenstock's well-written article on Jim Craig's debut in the NHL (*The Flame Is Still Burning Brightly*, March 10). I am a season-ticket holder and was glad to see the first Dmair sellout of the season. Thanks to Jim, Atlanta hockey fans are coming back to watch this exciting sport. Any other city wanting the Flames can now forget it!

JEFF CHADWICK
Atlanta

Sir:

Hockey on the cover of SI two weeks in a row! That's been a long time coming. Thanks for recognizing the best sport in the world. I hope the pros will learn from the U.S. Olympic team and that in the future they will make SI proud to put them on the cover more than a few times a year.

MICHAEL ARTUSO
Burnaby, British Columbia

Sir:

Move over, Bucky Dent. Now it's Jim Craig who's capturing the hearts of young American girls.

KITTY SHERLOCK
East Syracuse, N.Y.

Sir:

Jim Craig is the Flame of our hearts!

MAURA HALL, 5TH FLOOR
Seton Hall College
Greensburg, Pa.

Sir:

Did Jim Craig ever find his father?

STEVE HILLS
Pomona, Calif.

• Jim's father, Don Craig, says that he had swapped seats with two of his sons, Kevin and Dan, for the final game in order to sit closer to the goal, so Jim never did spot him. However, he saw Jim in the locker room right after the game.—ED

Sir:

As a state trooper, I find it difficult to believe that Jim Craig "didn't even like state troopers before." It's possible he didn't know any.

The Massachusetts State Police have an excellent reputation and are regarded as one of the finest state police agencies in the country. I hope his opinion has changed since the parade in North Easton when the three troopers provided him security along the route.

SERGEANT CHARLES D. GROSS
Training Division
Michigan State Police
Lansing, Mich.

NOT GREEK TO ATHENS

Sir:

In the article *The Golden Goal* (March 3) on the U.S. hockey team, you mentioned that the fans at a high school basketball game here in Athens, Ohio cheered when the U.S.-Soviet score was announced. That's right, we did! But you also suggested that many of us may never have seen a hockey game.

Just for the record, Athens is the home of the Midwest College Hockey League champions for the second consecutive year. The Ohio University Bobcats, coached by John Menzies, defeated the University of Toledo, Dayton and Denison in a tournament here on Feb. 29, March 1 and 2. So we have indeed been exposed to good college hockey!

CAROL ANN D'ANDREA
Athens, Ohio

BALANCE—AND REVENGE

Sir:

Curry Kirkpatrick has a point. In his article *Why the Game Is on the Level* (March 3) he stated that great balance exists among college basketball teams. The current NCAA tournament offers more proof of this.

RICH DRESKOVIC
Sussex, Wis.

Sir:

I must agree with Curry Kirkpatrick that the overall balance in college basketball has produced a most surprising and interesting year. That is precisely why I cannot understand his complete dismissal of all those "passive, unintelligent" teams from the Western half of the country. If Texas A&M athletes are not intelligent enough to play basketball, they can always become sportswriters.

LARRY PEMEK
Bay City, Texas

Sir:

Curry Kirkpatrick said that the former Doctors of Dunk of Louisville turned into the Medics of Moderation and were in the midst of one of their end-of-season swoon songs. It occurs to me that the Cards were 7-0 against members of your preseason Top 20. They beat Ohio State, St. John's, Virginia Tech (twice) and Florida State (three times). They also won 18 games in a row, won the Metro tournament, were ranked in both major wire-service polls all year and have now reached the semifinal round of the NCAA championships. Not bad for a team that couldn't crack the SI Top 20!

STEVE GILLESPIE
Dayton

Sir:

I'm very grateful to Larry Keith and your magazine for writing off the UCLA Bru-

ins last December (*The Bruins Are in Ruins*, Dec. 24-31). It was angry then at your overly harsh treatment of a team playing against not just their opponents, but also against the inflated standards that UCLA's heritage and a quick-to-criticize press have imposed. Now I am joyful! The Bruins have put it all on SI's face!

DAVE SCHEPPE
Cambridge, Mass.

PLAY BALL!

Sir:

In his article on Marvin Miller (*Whither Opening Day 1980?*, March 3) Ron Fimrite says, "It is unlikely he will ever be elected to the Hall of Fame, but the fact remains that he has probably been a more influential figure than anyone in the game in this century."

This makes me wonder just what is considered "the game" today. Is it the pension-fund squabble? Bowie Kuhn vs. Charlie Finley? Free-agent movement? A cleverly worded contract? Is it the cleanup hitting power of a graying, but nonetheless hungry, union leader?

I hope the time has not passed when the essence of this poetic sport is found on the diamond. The beauty of baseball used to reside in men like Babe Ruth, Ted Williams and Sandy Koufax, to say nothing of the Fred Merkle, Satchel Paige and Bo Belinsky. At least for the fan, therein still lies the game.

MARK D. ZIMMERMAN
Hanover, N.H.

Sir:

If the owners are lowering the players' so-called outrageous salaries, they have themselves to blame. It was partly the owners' lack of communication that brought about the price war over ballplayers. Thanks for a close look at Marvin Miller, a man who has helped the individuals who make the game so great—the players—receive their fair share.

GLENN FERDMAN
Carbondale, Ill.

Sir:

Having, for the umpteenth time, just dined my tears for the poor, oppressed, underpaid, overworked wage slaves (called athletes), I wish to make this comment: pffft!

Until a few years ago I was an avid, loyal rooting sports fan—and a paying one. When my eyes were opened to the avarice of owners and players alike, I had another comment: a plague on both their houses!

If the poor saps whose income averages \$18,000 a year and who get their kicks by supporting these athletic wage slaves and their multimillion-dollar contracts think for one moment that the owners of the players have one ounce of gratitude for their support and

continued

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could pay for itself.**



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19TH HOLE continued

loyalty, I suggest they read the latest about the "Los Angeles Raiders" football team.

HASSELL COLLIER
Whittier, Calif.

Sir,

As if Iran, inflation, Presidential primaries and Olympic boycotts weren't enough, we now find ourselves wondering if America's pastime will begin as scheduled. Sure, baseball players deserve life's precious amenities. No one can argue against job security. But to threaten the very existence of one of the last salvageable means the fan has of alleviating everyday pressure and enjoying true clean fun is unacceptable.

Can't each party set aside its grievances—or compromise accordingly—and play ball?

KEN MORGENSEN
Northfield, N.J.

OH, BILLY!

Sir,

Who says Charlie Finley is a dummy? Obviously he's got some smarts, because he hired baseball's greatest manager—Billy Martin (Berkeley Billy Comes Home Again, March 10). Maybe Yankee owner George Steinbrenner is the dummy. East is East and West is West. Look out, American League, Oakland's got the best!

WARREN ROSENBERG
New York City

Sir,

I think Billy Martin is a disgrace to the game, with all of this hitting and firing nonsense and all the barroom brawls he has gotten himself into. It's obvious he doesn't go with baseball and baseball doesn't go with him. Why did you even bother to write an article about such a person?

BOBBY POPE
Chicago

JUMBO

Sir,

Thank you for the excellent article on Villanova's legendary track mentor, James Francis (Jumbo) Elliott (Nobody's Bigger than Jumbo, March 10). The student body of Villanova greatly admires this first-class gentleman for the worthy recognition he has gained for this proud university.

JOHN HADDAD
Villanova '83
Villanova, Pa.

Sir,

Jumbo Elliott has to be the biggest bargain in sports, and Villanova will suffer a great loss when he does retire. The story pointed out that Jumbo's heavy-equipment sales business runs largely on its own momentum. It appears to me that his track team operates on the same level of efficiency.

BOB BORKER
Cotulla, Texas

Sir,

Great article on Jumbo Elliott of Villanova. However, you made one mistake. Many Liquors is among the most famous of Elliott's

refers, but he never held the mile record. Although Liquors beat him several times in the mile, the record holder was always the great Jim Ryan of Kansas.

BILL HELDGER
Bensenville, Ill.

Sir,

What's really remarkable is that Jumbo Elliott has never coached our Olympic track team. He has my vote for 1984.

CHRIS R. ACTIO
Arlington, Pa.

Sir,

With all due respect, I feel that you left out Villanova's finest sprinter and noted gentleman, Frank Buid of Asbury Park, N.J. Frank finished fifth in the 100 at Rome in 1960 and won the "World's Fastest Human" in 1961.

BILL JENNINGS
Dana Point, Fla.

Sir,

Jumbo Jim Elliott ("the most successful collegiate track coach in U.S. history") Dean Cromwell's bow tie is still spinning. Jess Mortensen's bifocals have suddenly become quadrefocals, and don't bother to ask about Jess Hill. Vern Wolfe, Dick Templeton, Bill Bowerman, Jim Bush or of Jumbo Elliott doesn't rank in the first five, maybe the first 10.

Dean Cromwell of USC won 12 outdoor NCAA titles—nine in a row between 1935 and 1943. That's not counting his IC4A titles. Jess Hill stepped in for two years at USC and won back-to-back titles in 1949 and '50.

When Hill became head football coach, Jess Mortensen succeeded him. All Mortensen did was win five NCAA outdoor titles in a row—1951-55—before UCLA's Ducky Drake won in 1956. Mortensen then won two more titles, in 1958 and 1961.

Elliott's only NCAA outdoor championship came in 1957, a year in which USC was on NCAA probation and ineligible because of football infractions.

As for others, Dick Templeton of Stanford won in 1928 and 1934. Leo Johnson of Illinois won in 1944, '46 and '47. Bill Easton of Kansas won back-to-back titles in 1959 and '60. Bill Bowerman of Oregon won in 1962 and 1964 and tied for the championship in 1965 and 1970. Vern Wolfe, USC's current coach, has won six NCAA titles—1963, 1965 (tied), 1967, 1968, 1976 and 1978. UCLA's Jim Bush won in 1966, 1971, '72 and '73. And that's not even counting NCAA individual champions USC's outnumber Villanova's by far.

Jumbo Jim is a nice man. A nice track coach. But he's miles and miles behind as the most successful collegiate track coach in U.S. history. Forty lashes with a soggy noodle for all concerned.

GERALD JOHN
Los Angeles

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The 1980 Silver Anniversary Thunderbird The Proudest Bird of All



The Silver Anniversary Thunderbird grows naturally out of twenty-five years of triumphant Thunderbirds.

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	tar mg./cig	nicotine mg./cig
Kent	11	0.9
Marlboro Lights	12	0.8
Merit	8	0.6
Salem Lights	11	0.8
Vantage	11	0.8
Winston Lights	14	1.1
Carlton Soft Pack	1	0.1
Carlton Menthol	less than 1	0.1
Carlton Box	less than 0.5	0.05

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Box, Less than 0.5 mg. "tar," 0.05 mg. nicotine;
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100 mm filter: 6 mg. "tar," 0.4 mg. nicotine;
100 mm menthol: 5 mg. "tar," 0.4 mg. nicotine
av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec. '79.